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"It was for a very practical reason," she recalled. "When I wanted to get my doctorate, WVU didn't offer one in English."

Practicality is one of her first considerations, whether applied to finishing her education or writing poetry. Miss McNeill never has enshrined herself in an Ivory tower. She feels that a poet can work as practically as a bricklayer or someone who bakes a loaf of bread. This philosophy shows in her work.

"I believe poetry should be useful," Miss McNeill said. "It can be useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. Of course, it's useful to the poet, too, but it should go beyond that."

Miss McNeill says serious poetry has become confessionalist and that ballads, such as Bob Dylan's protest songs, are replacing poetry in one area. Some of her poems, like Dylan's deal with the public's fears and social issues.

"I feel—and this makes me quite quaint among most poets today—that

father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time sailor. He too wrote about West Virginia in a volume of short stories called "The Last Forest."

Sometimes she is inspired by conversations she hears in public places. Two of the most poignant poems in "Paradox Hill" are entitled "Overheard on a Bus."

At the age of 18, Miss McNeill began to write seriously, and two years later her first poems were published in a Dallas, Tex., magazine, Kaledograph. Since then, she has published three volumes of poems and several short stories.

"I often will write a poem in a few hours," she observed. "The poems that turn out right are the ones that are written rapidly. Sometimes if I fail to get it down the first time, I can go back to it later but that doesn't happen very often."

She is a great believer in form. When she decided to write seriously, she studied form, pattern and rhythm. She rarely writes in free verse form.

Miss McNeill works very hard at finding the right words and perfecting the images in her poems. She throws away two of every three poems that she writes.

Dr. Ruel E. Foster, chairman of the WVU Department of English, thinks one of Miss McNeill's greatest virtues is her complete lack of affectation.

"You'll find none of the big, dramatic rhetoric of Shakespeare or Milton in her poetry," Dr. Foster said. "She's contemporary, yet you'll find none of the tortured rhetoric that many modern poets fall prey to."

"She is part of a great tradition in American poetry," he observed.

plus 50 cents for the Book Store, Mountainair, from the Book Store, Mountainair, Morgantown, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 26506.

But who is Louise McNeill that anyone should listen to her prophecies or share her pride and fear?

She's a wife and mother, and history teacher at Fairmont State College. But more than that she's a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. And she's able to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms.

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McNeill's poems featured on public radio

West Virginia Public Radio will air a special program titled "Gauley Mountain" Thursday, June 20, at 8 p.m. This West Virginia Day broadcast will feature the poems from West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeill's book of the same name. Noted West Virginia musician David Morris of Ivydale and award-winning West Virginia poet Irene McKinney of Belington will read the poems, providing narration and character voices.

Gauley Mountain, published in 1939 by Harcourt Brace, is a history (1760-1930) of one of the most scenic and rugged parts of West Virginia told through poems about people, places and events.

Special historic characters, such as Mad Anne Bailey and Claude Crozet, are included, but most poems are fictional, following the lives of settlers sometimes through several generations.

Larry Groce, producer of this special, said, "West Virginia Public Radio's production of "Gauley Mountain" will attempt to do for Louise McNeill's book what she did for the history of her beloved Gauley country."

West Virginia Public Radio can be heard on 88.5 FM in Charleston, 91.7 in Beckley, 90.9 in Morgantown, 89.9 in Huntington and Wheeling, 88.9 in Martinsburg and Buckhannon/Weston.

Louise McNeill

In becoming one of Appalachia's most respected poets, Louise McNeill sang with pride about the mountain heritage of the region's residents.

Now she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty in her new book of poems, "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore."

Her book was published recently by McClain Printing Company of Parsons for the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the WVU Foundation, Inc. Copies may be ordered for \$4.50 each, plus 50 cents for postage and handling, from the Book Store, Mountainlair, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 26506.

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During the 1950s, she was a frequent

poetry can deal validly with social criticism. I'm not a protestant, but I'm not ashamed to try something along this line. I see no reason for poets to be so fine fingered."

Academians, and sometimes poets themselves, often attempt to set down rules for poetic subject matter. Miss McNeill objects. She says she never places limits on what poetry should or can deal with.

"I once heard Allen Tate say that no one should write a poem about his mother. So I have deliberately written one about mine," she said.

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memories), *First Daughter: New and Selected Poems* (1991), and many magazine articles.

Just before her death she completed her last book. Her son came to see her, typed the last chapter, put it in the mail to the publishers, and then she seemed to let go of life, according to the family.

She graduated from Concord College and earned a master's degree at Miami University in Ohio, and a doctorate from West Virginia University.

She taught English and history for more than 30 years, from rural schools in Pocahontas County to Potomac State, Concord, Fairmont State, and Davis and Elkins colleges. In 1937 she was named Teacher of the Year at Concord College and was selected Daughter of the Year by the West Virginia

Surviving her are a son, Douglas McNeill Pease, of South Windsor, Connecticut; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and a brother, James W. McNeill, of Buckeye.

Services were held Sunday on the lawn of Cabin Creek Quilts in Malden and then on Monday at 11 a. m. in VanReenen Funeral Home by the Rev. Roy Gwinn. Burial was on the McNeill Farm at Buckeye.

Mrs. Pease was Poet Laureate of West Virginia, named in 1977 by then-Governor Jay Rockefeller. She started writing poetry when she was 16 and had poems published in many national magazines. She was the author of several books, *Mountain White* (1931), *Gauley Mountain*, *Time is Our House*, *Paradox Hill*, *Elderberry Flood*, *The Milkweed Ladies* (her memoirs), *Hill Daughter: New and* (1991), and many

Governor Arch A. Moore, Jr., is shown with West Virginia's Poet Laureate, Louise McNeill Pease, at the Cultural Center in Charleston on August 16 at a ceremony at which Mrs. Pease donated her books and manuscripts to the State Department of Culture and History. Gov. Moore accepted the gift on behalf of the State.

Good Living, a retirement community in Malden, where she had made her home for several years.

The daughter of the late G. D. and Grace (McNeill) McNeill, she was born at Buckeye January 9, 1911.

In 1939 she married Roger W. Pease, who died September 24, 1990.

Her husband, her parents, a sister, Elizabeth Dorsey, and a brother, Ward McNeill, preceded her in death.

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The "Kaleidoscope," a national magazine of poetry for August, published at Dallas, Texas, says Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, at the age of twenty years, makes her debut as a poet. Her poem, "Unless You Knew:"

"You, lying there so calm and
strangely still,
No protest on your lips, no
word of grief,
Strike a swift still wonder to the
soul of mine
Who never knew belief.
It is incredible that you should
close
Your eyes to all quick beauty,
Stay your breath,
You who loved all life, laughter and
tears,
As tho' you welcome death!
It is incredible that you should take,
Peace for sharp ecstasy, silence for

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Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, is a young poet who is beginning to get recognition and have her verses published in various magazines. I have before me the 1931 autumn number of "Star-Dust", a journal of poetry, published at Washington, D. C. In it is the announcement that the monthly book prize offered by a distinguished western poet for best poems sent into the Stardust Club each month was awarded to Miss McNeill for the month of April. Under the caption "Fragment:"

I have grown strong with the
strength of my desolate mountains,
Amored from bitterness, pulseless to
touch or to sound.

There is reality only in the wind, the
jagged iciness of frozen ground

In "The Poets Forum" for September, published at Howe, Oklahoma, Miss McNeill has three poems. Here is one of them, "Request":

Tell him, all who love me,
After I have gone

night.

The JUG award was created by West Virginia Writers, Inc., to recognize excellence in the field of writing by a West Virginian. Mrs. Pease is the third person to receive the JUG award and the first poet honored. Alberta Pierson Hannum received the first JUG in 1983 and Jim Comstock, country editor of Richwood, the second in 1984.

In private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, Louise was born and reared on a mountain farm in Pocahontas near Marlinton, attending a two-room school her father taught.

She received her Bachelor's degree in English from Concord College and her Master's degree from Miami University of Ohio. She later received a doctorate in history from West Virginia University.

Her most famous work is "Gauley Mountain," which was her first collection of poems, published in 1939 with a foreword written by Stephen Vincent Benet. "Gauley Mountain," a series of historical poems tracing the lives of various West Virginia families, is heavily slanted toward pioneer life, as are many of her poems.

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Her husband is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Always interested in helping others to write better, she has been an instructor, in recent years, at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio.

As Stephen Vincent Benet said in the Foreword to "Gauley Mountain: 'There is a new voice in the land.'

INDIAN PIPES

From pebbled banks they climbed with
shoulders low
And brought these river stones to lay
upon
Their chieftain, fallen in the stealth of
dawn
By flinted arrow from a Shawnee bow.

Spring moons have come and hunting
moons have gone,
Sheep nipped the grass and rabbits
scratched the snow
Across this grave, — the pale-face
tracked the doe,
And bench-legged cur pursued the
mottled fawn

But still in dusky summer when the
loon
Cries from the shallows of approaching
night,
Between the stones they heaped above
his mound,
Beaneath the eerie pallor of the moon,
Bloom ghostly flowers — pipes of waxen
white.

Honored 6-13-85

Louise McNeill Pease, of Lewisburg, was honored by West Virginia Writers, Inc., by being named this year's recipient of the organization's JUG Award. The award was presented at the WVW Annual Conference, held this past weekend at Cedar Lakes. Accepting the award on behalf of Mrs. Pease, who was unable to attend, was her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorsey, of Morgantown. The award was made at the banquet on Saturday night.

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She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. McNeill. Her father, who taught school for many years, got his A.B. degree at the age of 40, went on for his A.M., and ultimately received his Ph.D. degree at the age of 65.

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MILLER, Mrs. Alex McVeigh. To be continued in our next" was the promise which kept Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller at the writing of serial stories for nearly thirty years. An exacting promise, but keeping it brought fame and a fortune to this indefatigable woman. A daughter of our Mother State, she came as a bride to West Virginia, where she lived nearly forty of the busiest years of her life.

"I wrote romances," Mrs. Miller says, "that followed a straight course from my brain to the tip of my fountain pen." There is a glamour in make-believe stories that appeals to young and old, yet true life stories of those who have triumphed over obstacles inspire readers as no fiction can do. Mrs. Miller's autobiography, recently completed in collaboration with her daughter, is absorbingly interesting. She tells of the happy childhood in Old Virginia before

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Richmond until 1848 when her family returned to Winchester and continued to live there until the outbreak of the Civil War. She was an ardent Confederate patriot and so incurred the displeasure of General Milroy that in 1863 she was sent through the lines to Richmond, where she worked as a government clerk until the end of the War.

Returning to Winchester, she opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, which was successful, but after a few years she left the venture and became an instructor at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton. But she soon left that post as well and thereafter devoted her life to literature, living in Washington, New York and other cities. She died in 1889 in Richmond and was buried in Winchester.

Among her published works were: *The Holcombes: A Story of Virginia Home Life*, *Women: or Chronicles of the Late War*, *Under the Pruning Knife*, and two textbooks which were widely used in public schools: *The History of Virginia* and *Stories From Virginia History*.

MARSHALL, Catherine Wood (1914 -) Author of *A Man Called Peter* and ten other "inspirational" books, Catherine Marshall lived in Keyser from 1924 to 1942, where her father, the Rev. John A. Wood, was minister of the First Presbyterian Church. Born in Johnson City, Tenn., she was six weeks old when her parents moved to Florida, and ten years old when they came to West Virginia, the state she considers "my home" In 1932 she graduated at the head of her class from Keyser High School, and won up scholarship at West Virginia University because she wanted to go to Agnes Scott Presbyterian College in Atlanta, Ga. and become a writer.

It was while she was in college that she met Peter Marshall, the minister of the Atlanta Presbyterian church she attended, and who later gained fame as the Congressional Chaplain. Her father performed their marriage ceremony, in Keyser, in 1936, and in 1937, Marshall began preaching at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. It wasn't until after his death, in 1949, that Catherine Marshall began writing. Three of her books were bestsellers, *A Man Called Peter*, *To Live Again*, and *Beyond Ourselves*. In 1959 she was married again, to Len LeSourd, a writer.

MARTIN - WILLIAMS, Rebecca Tomlinson (-) was the first white woman to live in the area which is now Moundsville. A tablet marking the site of the cabin in which she lived was erected in front of the high school building in 1935 by the Tuesday Arts Club of that city. The cabin was built in 1771.

MATTHEWS, Mary Jo (-), a native of Mannington, became a successful motion picture actress for several years, before abandoning her budding career to marry Arthur Rush, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to lead a quiet life as wife and mother.

She graduated from West Virginia University in 1930, went to New York and there performed on the stage for a year before she made her Hollywood debut. She appeared with John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century*, with Robert Taylor in *Society Doctor* and with Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in *Forsaking All Others*.

MCNEILL, Louise is West Virginia's most honored contemporary poet. The excellence of her poetry is

ward and the gun come to the ground. Whereupon the soldier would use the rifle to push himself back in a sitting position, attempt to raise the rifle and fall forward again. The retreating Confederate seized the rifle and disarmed his adversary and took the gun and bent it around a sapling and went on. And after this story had become a household classic for some years, Mr. McLaughlin on his way back from Lewisburg searched the place and found the gun and brought it in, showing a rusted ruined fire-arm bent in the manner described.

Averell says that when he got to the White Sulphur Springs, after the battle of Droop Mountain, he recovered the wounded he had left there at the battle of Rocky Gap, or the battle of Dry Creek. But he did not get one of his men back without a protest. The soldiers stopped at one house where there was a convalescent soldier boy, and they were confronted by a beautiful red headed girl, and she said, "You can't have that soldier. He is mine. I captured him, and nursed him, and made him well, and he is going to stay with me. He is mine."

But they took him along with them.

Captain John K. Thompson, of Mason county, was a Confederate in that action on Droop Mountain. He says that the fire was the hottest there that he ever experienced and he was a soldier of long and fierce fighting in the war. It was there that he lost an eye. It seems that the bullet came so close to his face without touching him that the eye was drawn from the socket. Captain Thompson was afterwards Republican State chairman of West Virginia, and one of the leading men of West Virginia.

At the time of the battle, Claiborne McNeill, of Buckeye, a Confederate soldier of two years hard fighting, was at home on an indefinite leave of absence. Hearing the battle begin he climbed to a height near his home, Bridgers Notch, and saw the battle, on one side of which was engaged his brothers, Captain Jim McNeill, a Confederate officer, and on the other side, his half brother, Alfred McKeever.

After the battle, Alfred McKeever knowing that his half-brother, Captain Jim McNeill, had been engaged was filled with apprehension as to his safety, and searched among the Confederate dead and wounded, and then passed by the long line of prisoners, who were strung out along the pike. Presently he saw the Captain and rushed up to him with outstretched hand, saying how glad he was that he was alive and unhurt. But Captain McNeill was filled with the bitterness of defeat. He folded his arms and thus he spoke: "I am glad to know, Alfred, that you too are alive and well, but Alfred we are not shaking hands today."

One Confederate veteran in speaking of the dynamic effect of fear, says that it is possible in such a condition to leap Greenbrier River, which would mean perhaps a hundred feet at its narrowest place at the foot of Droop Mountain. Anyway, he says, that immediately after the battle he found himself on the east bank of the river with dry feet, and the only way that he can account for it is that he jumped the stream in his retreat.

when the growing population demanded another slice of the hunting grounds, Robertson was the man to make the deal and he went about it in a calm and business way, and if the Indians would not give the right-of-way or sell the land, their rights were respected, and Tennessee has a surprisingly clean record as to seizing land belonging to Indians.

CHAPTER VIII

Incidents Concerning General Averell. Natural History Notes.

The Droop Mountain battle has brought some recollections of incidents.

Averell said that there was a local guide to show the way around to take the Confederates in the rear, and that Col. Moore found him untrustworthy and that he traveled by the sound of cannon and the direction that the flying pickets took when they were dislodged by the advancing troops. In the last week I have heard three men mentioned as to the identity of this guide. It will probably never be settled for it was a matter that would be kept dark for the first years anyway, on account of the division in the sentiments of the people.

Averell camped the night before the battle along the road between Mill Point and Hillsboro, in the fields now owned by M. J. McNeel and the Captain Edgar estate. In plain view of his camp was the large brick house the home of Col. Paul McNeel, the member for Pocahontas county in the convention at Richmond that declared for secession. Col. McNeel was a leader in the county at the time.

That particular day in the fall of 1863, as the two armies faced each other all the men folks in the Levels were hiding out to escape being taken prisoner, and there were no others at the mansion except women, children and slaves. Then Averell did a very graceful thing that causes him to be remembered by that family with gratitude. He sent three young gentlemen, officers in his army, and they appeared at the house, and said that they had been sent by Gen. Averell, and that they were to say that he had heard that it was the home of an elder in the Presbyterian church, and that he wanted them to know, that he, Averell was also an elder in the Presbyterian church and that they should be under no apprehension of any harm coming to them. The officer added that they were to stay with them to guard the house, and they were guests until the next morning when they moved into battle.

J. C. Wiley, a Confederate veteran still living in this county, was present at Droop Mountain, and he says that when the break came that he with other soldiers buried a brass cannon in the woods and that he intends some day to go there and see if he cannot locate it and dig it up, and he believes that he will be able to find it.

The late A. M. McLaughlin was in that battle and he was retiring in some haste through the woods alone when he came on a Union soldier who had been wounded and who was trying to shoot him. The soldier was in a sitting position with his back against a log but whenever he would lift his rifle to aim the weight of the gun would cause him to fall for-























Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University of Pittsburgh Press published Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an extensive collection of the late poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

You have not changed —
for Time is kind;
Your face — to me —
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Charleston writer Topper Sherwood in preparing the manuscript for the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for \$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in paperback. The book may be purchased in bookstores or from the University of Pittsburgh Press, 127 North Bellefield Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

...sawing here in the
...back from Yair-
...years ago
...would call me from
...It was time to carry
...to reinstall the win-
...and hang the clean curtains
...and wooden rods. So our drag-
...and putting would begin all
...Then Mama would take — as
...must take — a spell of
...the furniture, a fit
...would double the burden
...require the transfer of dress-
...tables, and what-
...kind. But the Captain's black
...walnut highboy would always be
...put back into its exact old place
...against the wall; and the carved
...handle of its upper right-hand
...drawer would stare out at me, say-
...ing, "Do Not Touch. I am the
...Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and shar-
ing were over, we would carry the
gear back into the kitchen — the
stove still absent — and rearrange
the cupboard shelves. Then the beds
must be put together; their side
pieces knocked into their places
with a hammer; and the slats laid
on, the springs, the straw tick, then
the feather tick — in that order; and
then the beds made up for the night.
And the shining windows rein-
stalled with nails and hammer, and
the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D.
would come to help carry the range

back into the kitchen and — after
an immortal struggle — manage to
get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings
did not go as smooth and sunny as
this one typical day. One time a
sudden rainstorm swooped down
on us from Bridger's Mountain, with
Mama running to gather up G. D.'s
books, yelling at us to "get in the
feather ticks" and the rain inundat-
ing a great scattering of our house-
hold effects.

Then that other and historic day
when G. D. arrived at late noon
hour to announce calmly that State
School Superintendent Maurice P.
Shawkey was arriving for a fried
chicken supper at half-past six. It
was this day that G. D. helped us
carry in the furniture, helped nail
down the carpet, labored manfully
to get the window strips back in
place. And all of us kids running
back and forth for loads of old coats,
kitchen equipment, shirts and neck-
ties, leather volumes of Charles
Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks,
spice boxes — and G. D. pounding
the kitchen stovepipe into its black,
ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was fur-
nished, though the spice boxes were
under the bed and the empty straw
ticks stuffed into the closet. The
beds looked a little low, of course,
and the curtains wrinkled; but the
fire was flickering in the kitchen
stove, and Mama was out in the big

yard, ready to direct us as we ran
the doomed chickens down. She
selected three fairly young red
roosters and set us on the trail.
Around and around the big yard
we pursued the first one: the
rooster, his head up like a plumed
Indian, running with his legs high
and squawking wildly and dou-
bling out and in. Round and round
the yard and then round and round
the chicken house, and the dog with
his death howl, and Mama flap-
ping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then
his two wild brothers with him; and
all three carried, squawking and
flailing, to the chopping block,
where Mama dispatched them, in
turn, with one practiced flash of
the ax: then popped them into a
scalding kettle; jerked their feath-
ers off in big handfuls; and — light-
ing a copy of the *Toledo Blade* —
singled them with the flaming head-
lines; and then rushed, her eyes cold
and her apron bloody, into the
kitchen to gut them, cut them, and
pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State
Superintendent Shawkey sat in the
parlor talking, Mama was setting
down in front of G. D.'s plate at the
dining table a great platter of
golden-brown fried chicken, adding
her dishes of creamy mashed
potatoes, gravy, canned green
beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and
hot biscuits, and warm blackberry
pie. As she moved around the table
in her clean starched apron, she
seemed — except for the strange-
gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as
quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the
two men to supper, apologizing for
her biscuits as they sat down. When
we were all pulled up to the table
and our starched napkins unfolded,
G. D. cleared his throat and asked
Superintendent Shawkey to say the
grace.

"Thank you for the blessing
this day, bless this food to
use." And Mama sitting there
her hands folded and her head bowed
devoutly in prayer. For, as she
to say, "Cleanliness is next to
godliness," and "Many hands
make light work."

From Volume 19, number 1 Spring
1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University
of Pittsburgh Press published
Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an
extensive collection of the late
poet laureate's favorite poems.

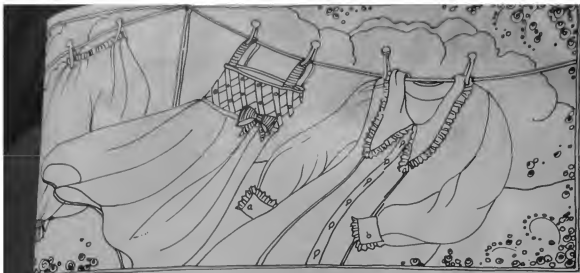
Fermi Buffalo was the project
which provided excitement to
McNeill's later years. The title re-
flects a fascination which McNeill
— an historian whose son is a
physicist — came to have with the
contrast of the mythic past and the
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sented here by the buffalo roam-
ing the grounds of the Fermi
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As always, her poems range

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some as short as the three lines
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Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the activity, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed tacks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the mountains, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the little, red, bloodsucking bugs. The bedbug argument was one of the many sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her turkey feather, going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old pioneer routine. Next she would flush the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water; and then get her a big stick and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 9-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydie Allen, up on Dry Creek, wove on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydie Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahalia, though Lydie did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in

the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the creek to Lydie, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury; while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs; and the dog barked; and the chickens ran and cackled; and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the wearing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that

the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

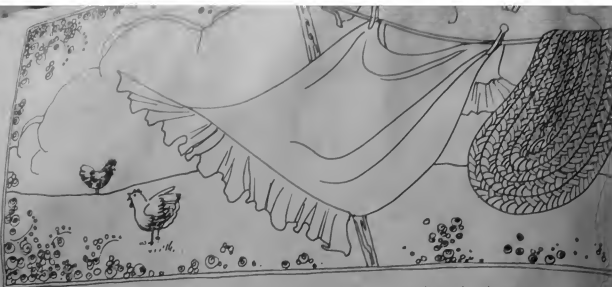
By now the hired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight; and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture, very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the sun and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.



Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva



Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me for we had only wooden furniture and Grandpa's black wallnut dining table was only eight feet long, the parlor's parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry, and besides the day itself gave forth its air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapuds and clearing sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and stirred for the summer in the smoker house. Then she would take a hammer and screwdriver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, middle variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them, then all the windows begged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their atmosphere of warm winter and home-made soap.

Then all the furniture, odd and even, rugs, boxes, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hanging on the clothes line. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their late springs, feather ticks and straw ticks — a married woman, maternal and striped tinking that would be scattered in a confused tangle all across the front yard.

Then the clearing would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling stove and buckets of clean cold water from the spring. And, of course, with the hot water Mama

would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brown rosy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is not the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar" Downy Tide, and Cheer.

Mama would be pouring soapuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then he would turn the window over, wash the other side, slosh buckets of old run water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and stick, and an old leather duster, the winter's collection of soot floating dangerously close to the stovepipe, and the old dog barking merrily on the floor.

The hired woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide board floors, dusting the

walls and ceiling with a rag-covered broom, and washing the painted woodwork with slathered brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the realms of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying tribe of books. As we cleaned the drawers there was one drawer we never opened. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black wood highboy — the drawer that we never opened except by the handle of the House That was G. D. and G. D. was to town or far off in the field someplace.

We knew Grandpa at the time, from his Civil War service, that the drawer was never opened, because it was "the Captain's drawer" though by 1920 — say 1915 — the year of this specific cleaning, the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened, and not opened by either, except by the oldest member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would neatens and retakes sheets and pillowcases in the part of the highboy and then washing the endless and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward — Ward would be joining the ticks with the new straw ticks, straw ticks, and Mama would be them up with a darning needle, twine thread, flannel, and then thrown into the hog pen and then ing and ending a good season.

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill



Mother Grace McNeill shows here light with Sister Nava never dropped it the way for the annual housecleaning

One of the great West Virginians when I was a child was Louise McNeill. She was buried in the West Virginia Day, naturally enough, to celebrate the state's history of the West. And we were proud to have had the opportunity to bring some of her prose into the world.

My wife was 'Spring Cleaning' a previously published manuscript she drew from her files in the like most of her prose the story deals with the Pocahontas County homeplace which she had frequented since revolutionary War

In those gentle years, 1920, our Pocahontas County household was relatively quiet. For despite the Great Depression, Grandma's temper fits, the Mama's annual bouts of housecleaning, our life was still moved to the slow, rhythmic of the seasons, and the roof of our cottage on a meadow the sun fell on the snow gently, and summer rain.

It was a country school, then later a principal and a good, even great, at

He was also a part time farmer with a pocket and a dream in his name was George McNeill. Nearly every neighborhood called "but not to his face"

and once been a school teacher, but now she was a cook, gardener, seamstress, maid, pig woman, and blackberry pie maker, moreover, my mother hated it every day

and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the woodwork in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd lug the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned; and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a tire would be built at the wash place

and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it; and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.

of Country - Indian trails used as
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 15th Aug

He saw some over - field over
old house, the

monument being erected - 17th 17th

Primer Settler of Swago - ex
Thomas McNeill - Price's H

M. Will possess game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in

apt. Killingsworth - P.D. & W.W. H.

all Rogers
is Gules enters - 3⁰⁰ - Geo M. per

as how as Bill Rogers - Joe too

Paul's Dancin present home a

expense.

+ Model

15 - ~~15~~ Paul's Dancin - P.

Susie or Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since I
Am older than I am.

<sup>How do
I add</sup>
School Horse on Dry Creek - Cur
Edwa. Taught + there some - Bill
Mr. Will possessive gave land.

Well Casing - in Jello below
bridge in Buckleys - Still
About $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. over ground -
used for Comm. that was there



bridge on Buckleys - Still there
About 1 1/2 ft. over ground - well
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie & Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Big Creek - ^{from end of valley} West
Edna taught there some - Bill
McNeil possessed game land.

Electricity Came to Buckleys in '39 ^{from}
Capt. Killingsworth - P D & W. W. Graham
Bill Rogers ^{from} big salesmen - 3.00 per m. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Denean present home at our
Expense.

1916-17-18 ^{+ model} ~~model~~ Cars in this part
of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 1st Airplane
He saw come over - field over towards
old house.

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

1776



1976

THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - ca. 1806

HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO SETTLE IN THE AREA OF THE
SITE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND WAS THE
FIRST TO SETTLE IN THE AREA OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Buckeye, West Virginia

1:30 P.M.

October 24, 1981



THOMAS MCNEILL
MONUMENT DEDICATION
SERVICE

Dennis Farm - Dennis Trade Indians Bath Co.
settled - Recorded 1774 - from
(Robert Brooke)

Thomas M. Bell - 1758 - 1989 = 221 yrs
Ensign 300 B. - Lord Am. Rev. - 2 exhumations
Hill under Clark - Underground Shelter

Wm. M. Tucker -

Capt. Am. - 1823-1911 - Captured Civil War - Droop Mt.
18 mo. 44 Delaware (Union - Yankee)

H. B. - 1877-1964 = Prof., Lawyer, Teacher, Translator,
Writer -

> House - State Port Laureate -

John - 1814 - James

8 Exhumations -

Deer Clan - Isle of Barra - Scotland - Phil - by
Indiana Co. - Va. - Duago - Castle Street estate
Very good condition

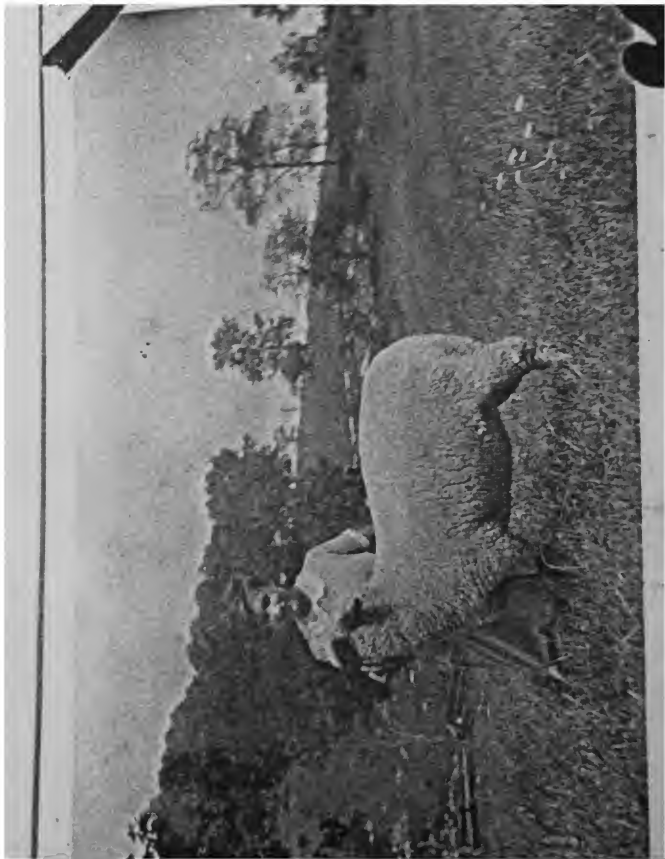
Indian Graves -

Dra Chest - Tool box - Walnut marked 1774
Cabinet - 1600 - table (cherry bark leaf)

24th - Dry Dec. 1774 -

Robert Brooke Esquire Gov. Va. - 1774 -











"The Proper Upbringing"

Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter

"Afternoon Callers"

Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder

THE NIGHT PARADER

Charles Edward McElwee

"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?"

Barbershop Quartet

"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"

ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC

Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry

THE AFTERNOON EVENT

Natalie Austin

SUGAR 'n SPICE

Dorothy Jessee

PINK STRIPED SILK

Barbara Jane Shaw

"Excitement of the Age"

Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindagood

LINEN DUSTERS

Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis

THE BLACK TAFFETA

Diana Cooper

LADIES' SPORT

Libby Roxrode

THE SOPHISTICATED AGE

Dreama Burns

THE FLAPPERS

Kitty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd

THE BLACK LACE

Isabel McElwee

CHIFFON EVENING GOWN

Vera Ann Carry

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills".....H. W. Engle

[Audience Join In Singing]

Oh, the West Virginia hills!

How majestic and how grand.

With their summits bathed in glory

Like our Prince Immanuel's land!

Is it any wonder then,

That my heart with rapture thrills.

As I stand once more with loved ones

On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

O the hills, beautiful hills.

How I love those West Virginia hills:

If o'er sea or land I roam

POETRY READING	Dr. Louise McNeill Pense
"My Home Among the Hills"	E. W. James, Jr.
Soloist	Rebecca Perry
Barbershop Quartet	Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry, Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsapple

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER Ina Montgomery

"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"

Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay

"Youthful Merriment" Dancers

Rick Barlow

Gray Beverage

Charma Roy

Lowell Underwood

Kathy Underwood

Dreama Sharp

Ken Underwood

Mike Friel

Tony Sharp

Laura Howell

Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA Betty Rae Welford

BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE Carol McNeill

GREY WEDDING SUIT Nancy Galford

BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET Frances Baldwin

BLUE WEDDING DRESS Susan Viers

*WIDOW'S WEEDS Sheila Burns

BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET Nancy Martin

THE ELDERLY COUPLE Johnnie and Madelene Hill

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" Barbershop Quartet

"Camptown Races

"Saturday Night Ritual"

Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,

Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee

"O' Susanna" Barbershop Quartet

"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"

ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY Merry Young

PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE Annette Kramer

GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES Elizabeth Newkirk

GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA Frances McPaters

"The Proper Young Ladies"

"The Sultor's Proposal"

Richard Barlow III

THE DAINTIES Mary White Simmons

THE GIBSON GIRL Lynette Anderson

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR Raymond Gibson



Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns



Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford



Staging

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Robert Viers
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford



Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes



Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or wearing cherished and preserved possessions of yesteryear, thus making this presentation possible.

PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of *The Rolling Years*

• Nostalgic • • Humorous •
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION

written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"













May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

Let us, be encouraged Today, as we embark on a new beginning.

Food

What happens when the main ingredient is . . . roadkill?



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...on top
(good guys) I say
I'm convinced
I'm the best
I'm the best

DAILY SPECIALS
Monday - Grand
Tuesday - Grand
Wednesday - Grand
Thursday - Grand
Friday - Grand

11 Saturday Yellow Line Delta
(Grand Hall)
Sunday - Reed (Main Court)

Wild Hog in the Holler Jambo.

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We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.





DR. McNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.



THE SENATUS

1954

Opening Remarks Ellis McNeill
6th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
7th generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.









al records are now a part of the
Pocahontas County Court House
in Marlinton, West Virginia.

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This Pamphlet prepared by the
POCAHONTAS COUNTY CLERK'S
OFFICE, Marlinton, West Va.



required to post bond was
LUDIVICTUS ROBINS in July 1822
for \$1,500.00.

The first sworn jury was
in October 1824, consisting of
WILLIAM AULDRIDGE and eleven
others.

The first Levy was laid
in June, 1822.

At the Court Meeting of
May 1822, it was ordered that
contracts be let to the lowest
bidder for the construction of
a brick Court House, a brick
Clerk's office and a brick
jail.

Possibly the first murder
trial held in Pocahontas County
was on December 17th, 1825, and
was against "PEGGY, a female
slave", for smothering her new-
born illegitimate child. She
was acquitted.

In 1822, Pocahontas County
paid \$4.00 bounty on wolf scalps.

In 1822 the Court House
kept records of Bonds, Fines
Deeds, etc.

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byterian Church. It was ded-
icated June 18, 1896.

The first organization
meeting for Pocahontas County
was held in Huntersville at
the home of JOHN BRADSHAW.
The first Commissioners of
the County were JOHN JORDIN,
WILLIAM POAGE, JR., JAMES
TALLMAN, ROBERT GAY, GEORGE
POAGE, BENJAMIN TALLMAN and
GEORGE BURNER. They were re-
quired to take an oath to sup-
port the Commonwealth and
"against duelling".

JOSIAH BEARD was sworn
in as the first Clerk of the
County Court and served from
1822 to 1831.

JOHNSTON REYNOLDS was
appointed the first Attorney
for the Commonwealth.

ABRAHAM McNEEL was app-
ointed the first Coroner.

The first

services were held there for many years; then the academy was built in 1842 and was used by the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians as a place of worship.

The Presbyterian Church was constructed in 1854 on land donated by GEORGE E. CRAIG, a prominent business man of Huntersville. It was used as a hospital by both the Federal and Confederate troops during the war.

The bell in the Church was bought around 1855 by the ladies having a fair, and selling cakes, pies, cookies, and bread. The bell cost around \$75.00, and is still in use today.

The Masonic Lodge, the first one in the county, was granted a charter November 11, 1875. The meetings were held on the second floor of the

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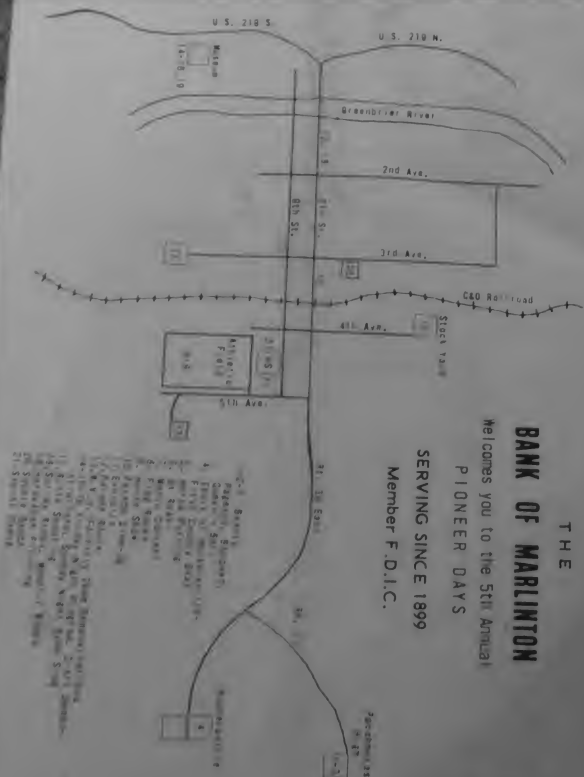
This Pm
POCAHON
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BANK OF MARLINTON

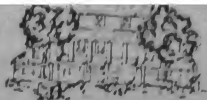
PIONEER DAYS

SERVING SINCE 1899

Member F.D.I.C.



1821 POCAHONTAS



BI-CENTENNIAL 1971

FIRST COURTHOUSE, HUNTERSVILLE

DID YOU KNOW?

Huntersville became the County seat of Pocahontas County by an act of the Virginia Assembly in 1822.

JOHN BRADSHAW, a prominent citizen, named Huntersville as a compliment to the hunters who came there during the hunting seasons. It was the principal trading post for the county several larger stores being there.

In 1852 a fire destroyed most of the town and during the Civil War it was burned by Federal troops sent in from the garrison at Beverly to prevent it being a Confederate depot

Ashland

1946-48. LUBRIC OIL SALES HEATING SYSTEMS INSTALLED

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Ashland Company wishes to express our appreciation to our advertisers and readers for making this program possible. Our thanks and appreciation are also to the many individuals, clubs and organizations who have worked hard to make these sales drives a success. We especially thank the following people who have assisted these drives in their community projects:

Chairman: Mrs. William David Douglas Dandrack

Committee Chairman:

James McManus Johnson, Mrs. Carlisle, Southern Cohensur

James H. G. Gentry, Mrs. McManus

Regent: Mrs. Katherine McManus, Rotary Club

Secretary and Treasurer: Mrs. Rose Smith, Mrs. McManus

Assistant Treasurers: Mrs. Rose Smith

James Gentry, Mrs. McManus, Mrs. Gentry

Chairman: Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Gentry

Committee: Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Gentry

Mrs. McManus Johnson, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Gentry, Mrs. Gentry

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Your County NEWSpaper

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LOANS TO \$800

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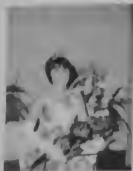
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Enjoy

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During
Pioneer Days

Take Home Several Cartons
Royal Crown Bottling

at Richwood Inn



INSURANCE & REALTY

3rd Avenue

799-6415 Marlinton

214 Eighth Street
Marlinton

SANDWICHES & DRINKS

WEEKEND MENUS

Friday, July 9

- 9:00 A.M. - Bake Sale--Sandwiches and drinks at Gym. Sponsored by 4-H Clubs of Pocahontas County.
- 10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at G. J. Richardson Store. Sponsored by Methodist Church.
- 11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
- 11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Sandwiches (Ham, Ham Salad, Chicken Salad, Peanut Butter and Pimento Cheese), Cupcakes, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club.
- 4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Spaghetti Dinner at Marlinton Methodist Church. Sponsored by W.S.C.S.

Saturday, July 10

- 10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at Museum. Sponsored by Lobelia Rebekah Lodge.
- 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. - Hamburgers and Hot Dogs at First National Bank Parking Lot.
- 11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
- 11:00 A.M. - Barbecued Chicken Dinner at Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Sponsored by Women of the Church.
- 4:30 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ox Roast at Marlinton Elementary School Cafeteria. (Barbecued Beef on Bun, Baked Beans, Cole Slaw, Ice Cream, Coffee, Tea and Milk. Tickets: Adults-\$2.50 at door, \$2.00 in advance; Children-\$1.50. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

HARPER'S MEN'S SHOP

- Arrow Shirts
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204 8th St. - MARLINTON - Tele. 799-6423

Frank

West Virginia

(Continued from page 23)

Sunday, July 11

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Chicken 'n Dumplings (Green Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Home-made Bread, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade) at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club. Tickets: \$2.00. Will also serve sandwiches.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Sandwiches and Drinks at Museum.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. An Information Booth will be in front of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Inquire there for any directions or information you may need. Also register there for the oldest person contest and the prize for the person traveling the longest distance. There will be a \$5.00 prize for each contest.
2. Attend the Dinner on Thursday Evening preceding the "Miss Pocahontas Pageant" at the Pocahontas County High School Cafeteria. This event will officially open the 1971 Pioneer Days Weekend.
3. Plan to attend the Pearl S. Buck Seminars at Hillsboro July 6, 7, 8, and visit her birthplace there.
4. Come to the Museum on Friday Afternoon and Saturday Morning to see Crafts demonstrated. An authentic log cabin can also be visited on the Museum lawn.
5. The Pioneer Art Contest is exhibited at the Museum. Entries have been sent in from all the Pocahontas County Schools.
6. A Wildlife Exhibit will be at the First National Bank Parking Lot.
7. There will be tours of Huntersville on Friday and Sunday afternoons. Visit the first county seat of Pocahontas County!
8. Visit the Pioneer Days Craft Corner in the Gym during the weekend. Buy lovely hand crafted items.
9. There is limited seating facilities at the Museum, so bring a folding chair if possible, to the Friday and Sunday Night programs.

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Heating, Electrical Wiring & Insulation

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PO Box 115
Marlinton, W. Va.

Perrine Plaza
Dr. William Perrine
Fairlea, West Virginia

The Quadreelers will perform
at the Saturday Night Square Dance



THE QUADREELERS -- (left to right) Bill Lovelace, June Lovelace,
Jim Dolan and Ed Gardner. Absent, Bert Dodrill (fiddler).

Phone 799-4838

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CRANKSHAFT GRINDING - MOTOR REBUILDING
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ROUTE 39
MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

MOUNTAIN FOLK MUSIC CONTEST

7:00 P.M. - Saturday, at Marlinton Athletic Field. Judging will be divided into two groups: Group I will be Modern Style Music (blue grass, country, country western and autoharp). Group II is Mountain Music and will be broken into the following sections: Section I - dulcimers (3 & 4 string), French harps and zithers; Section II - banjo and guitar (only mountain style); Section III - singing without accompaniment; Section IV - fiddle. Cash awards of \$150.00 will be awarded.



HORSE PULLING CONTEST

Saturday, immediately following the parade at Marlinton Athletic Field. Prizes will be awarded by elimination. Each entry will be awarded \$25.00. With cash prizes as follows: 1st - \$25.00, 2nd - \$15.00, 3rd - \$10.00, 4th - \$5.00, 5th - \$2.50, 6th - \$1.00, 7th - \$0.50.

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Phone 779-4066

Pioneer Days Horse Show

Marlinton Football Field, Marlinton, West Virginia

1:30 P.M. Sunday, July 11, 1971

Sponsored by the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

No:	ENTRY FEE:	CLASS:	PRIZES:
1.	\$2.00	Western Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
2.	2.00	Cloverleaf Barrel Race	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
3.	2.00	Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
4.	2.00	4-H Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
5.	2.00	Ladies Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
6.	2.00	Trail Class	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
7.	2.00	Children's Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
8.	2.00	Western Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
9.	2.00	Trailer Race	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
10.	2.00	English Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
11.	2.00	Plantation Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
12.	2.00	Open English Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
13.	2.00	Ladies English Pleasure	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
14.	2.00	English Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1

WESTERN HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW ... Trophy & Ribbon
ENGLISH HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW ... Trophy & Ribbon

EXPLANATION OF CLASS NO. 9 TRAILER RACE:

The Class is limited to Ten (10) entries. Each entry consists of One truck or car as the case may be, One horse trailer. One horse, One driver and rider. Entries must park all vehicles on starting line. Judge will blow whistle, all entries must get out of their vehicles, behind their horse, saddle and bridle on, walk around ring one (1) time, unsaddle and unbridle horse, load horse in horse trailer, load back in back compartment, get in vehicle and start on lights.

Huntersville
Amoco Station

Fisher's Garage
Huntersville

General Merchandise

Marlinton • Ph. 799-4912

Funeral Home

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Ivan Van Reenen, Owner

The Pearl S. Buck Second Seminar

GENERAL THEME: QUALITY OF LIVING
Topic 1971: "Creative Arts in Family Life"

Place: Hillstoro Public School and Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, Hillstoro, W. Va.
Dates: July 6, 7, 8, 1971 -- Sponsor: Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

Pearl S. Buck was born at Hillstoro, West Virginia, of native West Virginia parents. She is the sole American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, and one of the world's great citizens. Only within recent years has her native state attempted to honor her in a fitting manner. The West Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs bought her birthplace and surrounding land, and conveyed it to the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc., a non-profit, non-stock corporation organized for the purpose of restoring the birthplace and developing the Pearl S. Buck Cultural Center of the Arts and Humanities. Plans include the building of a suitable structure to house Miss Buck's original manuscripts, her personal property and awards now being acquired by the Foundation. An annual seminar is an activity of the Foundation.

The purpose and objective of the Annual Seminar, started in 1970, is to give the public an opportunity to hear a stimulating discussion by selected and varied panelists on American life. This year's topic is about family life. Eight panelists, including Pearl S. Buck, will discuss the following topics:

July 6, "Literature in Family Life"

July 7, "Changing Styles in Family Life"

July 8, "Creative Arts & Professional Design in Family Life"

Each seminar session will be from 10 A.M. until noon. The last half hour of each session will be for audience participation. Admission is free. On Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Miss Buck will speak to the public at Hillstoro Junior High School.

Each afternoon the public is invited to visit the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, the property of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, which is to be renovated, and the future plans of the Foundation will be explained.

The Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation has been chartered by West Virginia and is a non-profit organization. No salaries or director's fees are paid. Public support is invited. Everyone is invited to become a member of such a foundation.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary, Judy Cullip, Hillsboro

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary, Ruth Taylor, Hillsboro

Show Advisor, Charlene J. McNeel, Sinking Springs Farm

Announcers, Jim Fishman and Eugene Simons

Ring Crew, Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

Concession Stand, Hillsboro Firemen's Union

The Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department and Firemen's Union
thank you, and hope to see you again next year.

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SUNDAY'S ACTIVITIES

- 10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Church of your choice.
- 11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Chicken 'n Dumplings at Marlinton Fire House, sponsored by Brushy Flats Home Demonstration Club.
- 1:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey and Wagon Rides; Displays at Museum. Wagons will run until after Hymn Sing.
- 1:00 P.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Horseshow at Marlinton Athletic Field, with many classes, trophies, ribbons and prize money.
- 2:00 P.M. -- Log Rolling Demonstration.
- 2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville (First County Seat.)
- 4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Sandwiches and drinks at Museum.
- 7:30 P.M. -- County Hymn Sing at Museum under the direction of Mrs. Willard Eskridge. (Will be held at Marlinton United Methodist Church in case of rain.) Bring a folding chair if possible.



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SHOPPE

Exclusive Women's Wear

HOSTS AND HOSTESSES

The following hostesses and hosts will be available throughout the Pioneer Days Weekend to give you any information, direction or assistance you may need:

Lois Sharp, Bobbie Jo Sharp, Dianne Shiflett, Vonnie Myers, Terry Payne, Becky Cutlip, Marsella Hollandsworth, Vicki Richardson, Debbie Crawford, Debbie Faulkner, Terry Wooddell, Cornell Moore, Susan Viers, Jenny Mitchell, Susie Smith, Ann Mallow, Annette Eye, Joan Eye, Shirley Tibbs, Janice Kay Nelson, Linda Calhoun, Nancy Bowen, Dondi Stemple, Lynette Hiner, Kathy Gibson, Libby Graham, Matt Withers, Jim Smith, David Cain, Terry Richardson, Scott McNeill, Tommy McLaughlin, Mike Anderson, Brent Withers, Wille Sparks, John Mallow, Jim Dille, Donnie McIlwee, Tommy Mitchell.

PIONEER DAYS MENU



Sis's Drive - In

Bar-B-Q Special

Hamburger
Special

Fish Special

SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS

ONE HALF DOLLAR OR 25¢

Mr. & Mrs. Earl Moore

PARADE PROGRAM

Registration: 10:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m. in the Depot Platform.

Parade begins at 12:00 p.m. Sunday at the Marlinton Backyards and starts at 1:00 p.m.

1:15 p.m. Little Swiss Folk Dancers will perform on Main Street.

Parade Committee: Marlinton Jaycees
Co-Chairmen: Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Cohenour, Doug Danfrack
and Ernest Shaw
Master of Ceremonies: Walter Ioff

Introduction of distinguished guests, followed by the parade.

Presentation of winning entries and awarding of prizes.

Presentation of winning entries in the Pioneer Days Art Contest, oldest couples contest, person traveling the longest distance (must register at information booth to qualify), and most authentically dressed store clerk.

Trophies and prizes will be awarded in five classes and will be based on the most original Pioneer Days outfit.

1. Horse and rider.
2. Horse or oxen and buggy, surrey, buckboard, wagon or any type of horse or oxen-drawn conveyance.
3. People walking.
4. Western class.
5. Fleets.
6. Antique Car -- trophy only.

There will be a \$40 cash award for First Place and \$10 cash award for Second Place in each class. Trophy only for Third Place in each class. The exception to this is the Antique Car Class where only the First Place winner will be awarded a trophy.

Marlinton Flower Shoppe

818 Second Avenue - Marlinton - 799-6302

...ing -- Mrs. Grace Turner ... G.H. Kellison
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Crochet Beads -- Mrs. Nellie Dean
Churning -- Mrs. Lloyd Woods
Home-made Ice Cream -- Mrs. Elton Wade
Maple Syrup -- Mrs. Delbert G. Moore

Saturday Morning, July 10 - 10:00 to 12:00 A.M.

Ceramics -- Johnnie Hill
Splitting Shingles -- Mr. Barnhouse

VISIT WITH US DURING PIONEER DAYS



The Grill

SATURDAY'S SPECIAL

Ham Sandwich -- 50¢

Egg Salad, Ham Salad

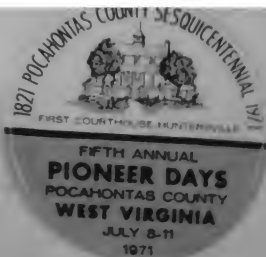
or Chicken Salad -- 35¢

Because 1971 is the Sesquicentennial Year for Pocahontas County, the Pioneer Days badge pays tribute to the first county courthouse which was located in Huntersville.

On June 5, 1822, a deed for land for the purpose of locating a county seat of justice was given to the justices of Pocahontas County and their successors in office, by John Bradshaw and wife. Upon this land a brick courthouse, a brick office for the county clerk and a brick jail were constructed. Huntersville was the center of the county government between 1821 and 1892.

The first county clerk was Josiah Beard who served ably in this position even prior to the building of the brick courthouse when the first courts convened in the house of John Bradshaw.

The safe keeping of the county records was not exactly a routine task. At the time of the breaking out of the War the Hon. William Curry was serving as both circuit and county clerk. When it became evident that the Federals would invade the county the court ordered Mr. Curry to remove the records to a place of safety. In compliance with this order he carried them to be taken to the private residence of Joel Hill, Esq., in the Little Levels. Here they remained until Jan. 11, 1862, when Mr. Curry became captured as to the safety of so valuable a charge that placed in his custody. He therefore caused them to be returned by Goringham, Virginia, where for a short time they lay in the clerk's office of Allegheny County. From here they were taken to the residence of General William Scam, in Sept. 1862 Gen. A. Wright's Federal command reached Goringham, and Mr. Curry again recovered the records—first in the residence of William Curry, then in a stack of buckwheat sacks, in which they lay concealed for three weeks, and were then conveyed into the mountains and stored



OPEN 5 P.M. UNTIL 1 P.M.

FRENCH'S DINER

Operating Since 1940



SHIP BY TRUCK

PHONE 808-788-8108

P. O. BOX 149

Compliments of



First National Bank

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Telephone: 799-6523

112 9th Street
MARLINTON, W. VA.
PHONE 799-4082

SATURDAY'S ACTIVITIES

9:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from Pioneer Days Events.

9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from Museum at a charge of 50¢; also Antique Car rides at a charge of 50¢.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Exhibits and Craft Corner at Marlinton Gym (see Friday's Activities for details).

9:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest (see Friday's Activities for details).

10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Museum.

11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum.

10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Craft Demonstrations at Museum.

10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Hamburgers and hot dogs at First National Bank parking lot.

11:00 A.M. -- Bar-B-Que Chicken Dinner, Presbyterian Church.
1:30 P.M. -- Parade.

3:00 P.M. -- Horse Pulling Contest at Athletic Field (See p. 11).
4:30 P.M. -- Ox Roast at School Cafeteria.

6:00 P.M.-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum.
7:00 P.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Mountain Folk Music Contest (See p. 24).

9:00 P.M.-11:30 P.M. -- Square Dance in front of Southern States Store, sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club. Music by The Quad-reelers.

8:00 P.M.-1:00 A.M. -- Social Dance at Marlinton Gym--\$5.00 per couple, sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees. Music by The No-Nonsense Popcorns. Sno Cones and Kiddle Rides will be on First National Bank lot throughout weekend.

Home Products Market

G. M. Faulkner

Fresh Meats

Country Hams

Frozen Foods

Eric Clutter O'Donnell is the daughter of Mrs. Eva Beard Ferhl and the late Eric Clutter and was raised in Hillsboro. Bring a folding chair if possible.

Friday Night Program

Program beginning at 8:30 P.M.-Pocahontas County Museum
(Bring a folding chair, if available)

COMMEMORATING Pocahontas' Sesquicentennial

An evening to relax and to enjoy

The "Pioneer Choir" under the direction of Frances B. Eskridge as it sets the mood.

"Little Switzerland of America" folk dancing by two classes of music pupils, ages 6-11 years, of Mildred Y. Seagraves.

Bits of Historical Scenes

Narrator to carry you along in time and fact

Briefly portraying early events leading to establishment of first county seat of Pocahontas County in Huntersville, 1821.

Folk Art at its best in the main feature of the evening.

Dotty Clutter O'Donnell

as she returns to her native county to sing in the style of yesteryear-those songs handed down through generations-conveying joy, heartache, events transmitted mainly through folk singing. She will be joined by her husband, Dennis O'Donnell, in some of the response numbers.

Finale - a tribute to the county and to the state, with Audience Participation in the singing of "West Virginia Hills"

Program Coordinated by Ruth M. Morgan

1859 The Great 1971
Atlantic & Pacific
Tea Co., Inc.

Compliments of
Bob Miller

PHONE 799-4204

RFD 1

EVERYONE WELCOME
MARLINTON, W. VA.

FRIDAY'S ACTIVITIES

- 10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Richardson's Store.
10:30 A.M.-8:00 P.M. -- Craft Corner, 4-H Exhibits, Bake Sale, Flower Show, Quilt Show, Old Kitchen Display, the Jack Jeffers Photo Exhibit at Marlinton Gym.
11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum (see p. 17).
11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Food at Fire House (see p. 23).
11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from the Museum. The surrey will travel through the Greenbrier River from the Presbyterian Church to the Museum with a charge of 50¢. Antique Car rides originating from Presbyterian Church, 50¢.
11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from the Museum, available to those wearing the Pioneer Day Badge.
Noon-7 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest across Knapps Creek from the Board of Education Office. Regulation rules will be strictly enforced. Rifles furnished or bring your own. Practice shooting at 25¢ a shot. There is an entry fee of \$1.00 for the contest, with prizes being awarded on Saturday at 6:30 P.M. at place of contest.
1:30 P.M. -- Old Time Spelling Bee at the Museum. All ages. Cash awards.
2:00 P.M. -- Pocahontas County History Contest at Museum. Cash award.
2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville, first County Seat. Inquire at Information Tent.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Spaghetti Dinner, Marlinton Methodist Church.
6:00-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum. (Singles and Doubles)
7:30 P.M. -- Frog Hop and Turtle Races at the Marlinton Athletic Field for children ages 6-14. 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes will be awarded-one entry per child. All entries must be in by 7:00 p.m.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

YOUR REXALL FAMILY DRUG STORE

Royal Drug Store, Inc.

Prescriptions filled accurately

- Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School, Sponsored by Mary Rebeck Lodge No. 109.
- 2585 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hillboro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club.
3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawford Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Woman's Club.
- 4339 4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Artovale Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club.
5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dunmore; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.
6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc.
7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro; Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.
8. MISS LINDA LANDE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Swago Home Demonstration Club.
9. MISS CORNELL MOORE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Business and Professional Women's Club.
10. MISS LOIS SHARP, daughter of Mrs. Glenda Snead and Mr. Lowell Sharp, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Chamber of Commerce.
11. MISS JO ANN SHARP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sharp, Huntersville; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton VFW Auxiliary.
12. MISS DIANE SHIPLETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shiflett, Marlinton; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Ruth Rebeck Lodge No. 68.
13. MISS JANE SMALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department.
14. MISS STELL SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.
15. MISS DORNA STEMPLI, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary Club.
- 4734 16. MISS DIANA WASIO, daughter of Mr. Mike Wasio, Artovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 4483.
- 2205 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilson; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.
18. MISS THELMA WOODHILL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Woodhill, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.
19. MISS ELLIEN WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4483.

Connie Sue Dilley



Donna Dunbrack



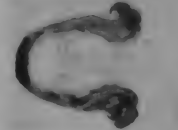
✓ Cornell Moore



Diane Shiflett



Jane Small



Diana Leigh Wasio

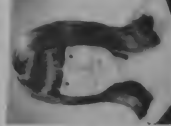


Shirley Wilfong

Nina Marie Fowler



Jo Ann Sharp



Susie Smith



Teresa Woodie



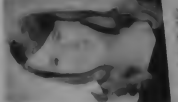
Linda Lou Langis



Lois Jean Sharp



Donna Stemple



Suzanne Pallas



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MEMBERS OF THE LUCANONTAS



Linda Lou Bowyer



Susan Chappell



Deborah Crawford



Renae Crist



Miss Sue Dillav



Donna Dunbrack



Nina Marie Fowler



Linda Lou Lan

bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebekah Lodge No. 109.

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- 4156 16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Artovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 3453.
- 4574 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.
18. MISS TERESA WOODDELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wooddell, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.
19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4305.



Letta Lou Sawyer



Susan Chappell



Deborah Crawford



Renea Christ



Connie Sue Dilley



Donna Dunbrack



Nina Marie Fowler



Linda Lou Landis



✓ Cornell Moore



Jo Ann Sharp ✓



Lois Jean Sharp ✓



Diane Shillett



Jane Small ✓



Susie Smith ✓



Donna Stemple ✓



WISSENER TRAIL

Mounting Instructions and Display Problems
 Mounting Instructions - (Illustrations - Photo)

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The Pocahontas County Historical Society was first organized in 1961, and incorporated in 1962 when it acquired its home and museum from the late Mrs. Frank Hunter. The house was built by the Hunters when he was the first cashier of the Bank of Marlinton. The grounds around the museum consist of approximately two acres lying between US Route 219 (Seneca Trail) and the Greenbrier River. On the right of the entrance are the gravestones of 40 Confederate soldiers. To the left are the graves of several of the early members of the Price family.

The museum was dedicated in 1963 by the then governor of West Virginia, W.W. Barron, and Pearl Buck, world renowned author who was born in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County. The library room in the museum was named in Pearl Buck's honor.

The Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc., is owned by public spirited citizens throughout the county, state, and nation. Membership in the Society may be obtained by paying the \$1 membership dues.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Pocahontas County Historical Society is holding a contest of age and wicker. Entries holder to all events except those that charge for the survey and Miss Pocahontas Pageant. There is a museum, in front of the Museum are free. The wagon will stop in the Hill School. On Saturday the wagon will stop at the side of the Hill School. On Saturday the wagon will stop at the side of the Hill School. On Saturday the wagon will stop at the side of the Hill School.



George R. Hanna

POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

WELCOMES YOU TO

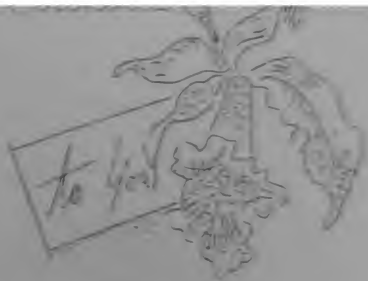
Pioneer Days

July 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1971



A TEACHER'S PRAYER

God grant me the serenity to accept
the things I cannot change, courage to
change the things I can, and wisdom to
know the difference.



Fockentus County OEA wishes to express their congratulations and commendations to the following retired teachers of Fockentus County for their long and faithful service:

Miss Elsie J. Adkison	1908-1984
Mr. W. A. Eolen	1896-1943
Mr. W. M. Buckley	1906-1944
Mr. E. E. Fertig	1909-1946
Miss Edna Harper	1913-1964
Mr. A. W. Hill	1900-1941
Mr. W. A. Hively	1908-1949
Dr. George D. McNeill	1894-1940
Mr. Charles Spender	---
Mrs. Clara P. Wade	1914-1950
Mr. K. E. Wilmoth	1908-1947
Mrs. Rachel Woodrill	1909-1968

*Teaching 1956-1957

Work them for pleasure; paint or sing
or carve
The thing thou lovest, through the body
shrive,
Who works for glory misses oft the
goal;
Who works for money sells his very
soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it will
pay to
That these things shall be added unto
thine.

- *Kenyon Cox*

* * * * *

To be good is noble, but to tell others how to be
good is nobler and no trouble. - *Mark Twain*

Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when
he sticks his neck out. - *James Bryant Conant*

It takes less time to do a thing right than it
does to explain why you did it wrong.
- *H. W. Longfellow*

The greatest glory of a freeborn people is to
transmit that freedom to their children.
- *William Harvard*

There is in every man something greater than he
had begun to dream of. Men are nobler than they
think themselves. - *Phillips Brooks*

* * * * *

FOCALHONTAS COUNTY
CLASSROOM TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Annual Dinner Meeting

November 29, 1956

* * * * *

OFFICERS

1956-1957

President Mrs. Maud Bumgardner

Vice-President Mr. Glenn Tracy

Secretary Miss Minnie Parg

Treasurer Miss Louise Brown

Executive Committee:

Mrs. Zell Lewis
Mrs. Willa Whanger
Miss Margaret Wilson

IF WE WERE REALLY WISE

I saw tomorrow marching by
On little children's feet;
Within their forms and faces read
Her prophecy complete.
I saw tomorrow look at me
From little children's eyes;
And thought how carefully we'd teach--
If we were really wise.



"Eat, drink, and be merry,
For tomorrow ye diet."

BAKED HAM

MASHED POTATOES - GRavy

GREEN BEANS - HANDED BUTTER

SLICED SALAD

SOFT ROLLS - BUTTER - JELLY

CAKE WITH SLICES

COFFEE - TEA

Recreation -	Mr. J. R. Archibald
Group Singing -	Leader, Miss Edith May Pianist, Mrs. Donald Hill
Introduction of Guests -	
Report on CTA Leadership Conference -	Mrs. Margaret Hale Miss Fatsy Ruth Fields
The Poor Scholar's Soliloquy -	Miss Madeline McNeill
Presentation of New Teachers -	Mrs. Bonnie Brooks
Presentation of Certificates and Pin to Retired Teachers -	Mr. M. H. Brooks Mrs. David Harris
GUEST SPEAKER -	Dr. Corne A. McGray Director of Professional Services Yeh
Announcements -	

CIA

DO PAGES TO TEACH
- BUT NEVER CEASE TO LEARN

CIA

Teacher - Edna Kellison

Students: Maude Bowers

Mary Barnes

Sonnie Gamster

Mildred Musie

Pearl Cochran

Grace Barnes

(over and) -> Ike Addison

Hester McElwee (McEl)

John Gay

Madge Bowers

John Hause





of women at the
Deep Water House









of women at the
Deep Water House







Teacher - Edna Kellison

Students: Maude Bowers

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Sonnie Gamster

Mildred Musie

Pearl Cochran

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(over and) -> Ike Addison

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John House

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Announcements -	



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For tomorrow ye diet."

BAKED HAM

MASHED POTATOES - GRavy

GREEN BEANS - MARINATED BEETS

SLICED SALAD

SOFT ROLLS - BUTTER - JELLY

CAKE WITH SLICES

COFFEE - TEA

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FOCALHONTAS COUNTY
CLASSROOM TEACHERS ASSOCIATION

Annual Dinner Meeting

November 29, 1956

* * * * *

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1956-1957

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Vice-President Mr. Glenn Tracy

Secretary Miss Minnie Parg

Treasurer Miss Louise Brown

Executive Committee:

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God grant me the serenity to accept
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POCAHONTAS COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

WELCOMES YOU TO

Pioneer Days

July 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1971



WISSENER TRAIL

Mounting Instructions and Display Problems
 Mounting Instructions - (Continued) - Part

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The Pocahontas County Historical Society was first organized in 1961, and incorporated in 1962 when it acquired its home and museum from the late Mrs. Frank Hunter. The house was built by the Hunters when he was the first cashier of the Bank of Marlinton.

The grounds around the museum consist of approximately two acres lying between US Route 219 (Seneca Trail) and the Greenbrier River. On the right of the entrance are the gravestones of 40 Confederate soldiers. To the left are the graves of several of the early members of the Price family.

The museum was dedicated in 1963 by the then governor of West Virginia, W.W. Barron, and Pearl Buck, world renowned author who was born in Hillsboro, Pocahontas County. The library room in the museum was named in Pearl Buck's honor.

The Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc., is owned by public spirited citizens throughout the county, state, and nation. Membership in the Society may be obtained by paying the \$1 membership dues.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Pocahontas County Historical Society is holding a contest of age and wicker. Entries holder to all events except those that charge for the survey and Miss Pocahontas Pageant. There is a museum, in front of the Museum are free. The wagon will stop in the Hill School. On Saturday the wagon will stop at the side of the Hill School. On Saturday the wagon will stop at the side of the Hill School.



George R. Hanna



Letta Lou Sawyer



Susan Chappell



Deborah Crawford



Renea Christ



Connie Sue Dilley



Donna Dunbrack



Nina Marie Fowler



Linda Lou Landis



✓ Cornell Moore



Jo Ann Sharp ✓



Lois Jean Sharp ✓



Diane Shillett



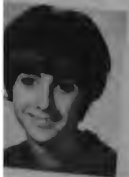
Jane Small ✓



Susie Smith ✓



Donna Stemple ✓



bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Mary Rebekah Lodge No. 109.

- 2586 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hillsboro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club.
- 4339 3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawford, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Woman's Club.
4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Artovale; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club.
5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dunmore; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.
6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc.
7. MISS NINA FOWLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Fowler, Hillsboro; Sponsored by Hillsboro Fire Department and Firemenettes.
8. MISS LINDA LANDE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Damon Landis, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Swago Home Demonstration Club.
9. MISS CORNELL MOORE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moore, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Business and Professional Women's Club.
10. MISS LOIS SHARP, daughter of Mrs. Glenda Snead and Mr. Lowell Sharp, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Chamber of Commerce.
11. MISS JO ANN SHARP, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sharp, Huntersville; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton VFW Auxiliary.
12. MISS DIANE SHIFLETT, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shiflett, Marlinton; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Ruth Rebekah Lodge No. 68.
13. MISS JANE SMALL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Small, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department.
14. MISS SUSIE SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.
15. MISS DONNA STEMPLER, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary Club.
- 4156 16. MISS DIANA WASLO, daughter of Mr. Mike Waslo, Artovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 3453.
- 4574 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.
18. MISS TERESA WOODDELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Wooddell, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.
19. MISS SHARON WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4305.

MEMBERS OF THE LUCANONTAS



Linda Lou Bowyer



Susan Chappell



Deborah Crawford



Renae Crist



Miss Sue Dillav



Donna Dunbrack



Nina Marie Fowler



Linda Lou Lan

Connie Sue Dilley



Donna Dunbrack



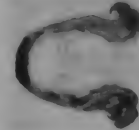
✓ Cornell Moore



Diane Shiflett



Jane Small



Diana Leigh Wasio

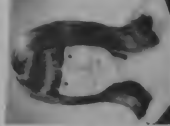


Shirley Wilfong

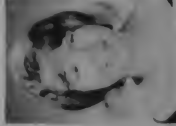
Nina Marie Fowler



Jo Ann Sharp



Susie Smith



Teresa Woodie



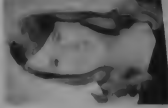
Linda Lou Langis



Lois Jean Sharp



Donna Stemple



Suzanne Pallas

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4204

4205

PHONE 799-4204

RFD 1

EVERYONE WELCOME
MARLINTON, W. VA.

FRIDAY'S ACTIVITIES

- 10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Richardson's Store.
10:30 A.M.-8:00 P.M. -- Craft Corner, 4-H Exhibits, Bake Sale, Flower Show, Quilt Show, Old Kitchen Display, the Jack Jeffers Photo Exhibit at Marlinton Gym.
11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum (see p. 17).
11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Food at Fire House (see p. 23).
11:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from the Museum. The surrey will travel through the Greenbrier River from the Presbyterian Church to the Museum with a charge of 50¢. Antique Car rides originating from Presbyterian Church, 50¢.
11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from the Museum, available to those wearing the Pioneer Day Badge.
Noon-7 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest across Knapps Creek from the Board of Education Office. Regulation rules will be strictly enforced. Rifles furnished or bring your own. Practice shooting at 25¢ a shot. There is an entry fee of \$1.00 for the contest, with prizes being awarded on Saturday at 6:30 P.M. at place of contest.
1:30 P.M. -- Old Time Spelling Bee at the Museum. All ages. Cash awards.
2:00 P.M. -- Pocahontas County History Contest at Museum. Cash award.
2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville, first County Seat. Inquire at Information Tent.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Spaghetti Dinner, Marlinton Methodist Church.
6:00-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum. (Singles and Doubles)
7:30 P.M. -- Frog Hop and Turtle Races at the Marlinton Athletic Field for children ages 6-14. 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes will be awarded-one entry per child. All entries must be in by 7:00 p.m.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9)

YOUR REXALL FAMILY DRUG STORE

Royal Drug Store, Inc.

Prescriptions filled accurately

- Bank; Senior of Pocahontas County High School, Sponsored by Mary Rebeck Lodge No. 109.
- 2585 2. MISS SUSAN CHAPPELL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Chappell, Hillsboro; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club.
3. MISS DEBORAH CRAWFORD, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Maynard Crawford Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Woman's Club.
- 4339 4. MISS RENAE CRIST, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Crist, Artovale; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin Lions Club.
5. MISS CONNIE SUE DILLEY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Everett Dilley, Dunmore; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Fire Department Ladies' Auxiliary.
6. MISS DONNA RAE DUNBRACK, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Dunbrack, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society, Inc.
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14. MISS STELL SMITH, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.
15. MISS DORNA STEMPLI, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Stemple, Marlinton; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Marlinton Rotary Club.
- 4734 16. MISS DIANA WASIO, daughter of Mr. Mike Wasio, Artovale; Junior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Durbin VFW Post No. 4483.
- 2205 17. MISS SHIRLEY WILFONG, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilfong; Senior at Pocahontas County High School. Sponsored by Dunmore Home Demonstration Club.
18. MISS THELMA WOODHILL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arch Woodhill, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by Marlinton Junior Home Demonstration Club.
19. MISS ELLIEN WOODS, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Woods, Marlinton; Graduate of Pocahontas County High School 1971. Sponsored by VFW Post No. 4483.

Eric Clutter O'Donnell is the daughter of Mrs. Eva Beard Ferhl and the late Eric Clutter and was raised in Hillsboro. Bring a folding chair if possible.

Friday Night Program

Program beginning at 8:30 P.M.-Pocahontas County Museum
(Bring a folding chair, if available)

COMMEMORATING Pocahontas' Sesquicentennial

An evening to relax and to enjoy

The "Pioneer Choir" under the direction of Frances B. Eskridge as it sets the mood.

"Little Switzerland of America" folk dancing by two classes of music pupils, ages 6-11 years, of Mildred Y. Seagraves.

Bits of Historical Scenes

Narrator to carry you along in time and fact

Briefly portraying early events leading to establishment of first county seat of Pocahontas County in Huntersville, 1821.

Folk Art at its best in the main feature of the evening.

Dotty Clutter O'Donnell

as she returns to her native county to sing in the style of yesteryear-those songs handed down through generations-conveying joy, heartache, events transmitted mainly through folk singing. She will be joined by her husband, Dennis O'Donnell, in some of the response numbers.

Finale - a tribute to the county and to the state, with Audience Participation in the singing of "West Virginia Hills"

Program Coordinated by Ruth M. Morgan

1859 The Great 1971
Atlantic & Pacific
Tea Co., Inc.

Compliments of
Bob Miller



SHIP BY TRUCK

PHONE 304-788-8108

P. O. BOX 149

Compliments of



First National Bank

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Telephone: 799-6523

112 9th Street
MARLINTON, W. VA.
PHONE 799-4082

SATURDAY'S ACTIVITIES

9:00 A.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Wagon rides to and from Pioneer Days Events.

9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey rides to and from Museum at a charge of 50¢; also Antique Car rides at a charge of 50¢.
9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Exhibits and Craft Corner at Marlinton Gym (see Friday's Activities for details).

9:00 A.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Percussion Rifle Shooting Contest (see Friday's Activities for details).

10:00 A.M. -- Bake Sale at Museum.

11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. -- Food at Museum.

10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Craft Demonstrations at Museum.

10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Hamburgers and hot dogs at First National Bank parking lot.

11:00 A.M. -- Bar-B-Que Chicken Dinner, Presbyterian Church.
1:30 P.M. -- Parade.

3:00 P.M. -- Horse Pulling Contest at Athletic Field (See p. 11).
4:30 P.M. -- Ox Roast at School Cafeteria.

6:00 P.M.-7:30 P.M. -- Horseshoe Pitching Contest at Museum.

7:00 P.M.-9:00 P.M. -- Mountain Folk Music Contest (See p. 24).

8:00 P.M.-11:30 P.M. -- Square Dance in front of Southern States Store, sponsored by Marlinton Lions Club. Music by The Quad-reelers.

8:00 P.M.-1:00 A.M. -- Social Dance at Marlinton Gym--\$5.00 per couple, sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees. Music by The 40-Notes. Popcorn, Sno Cones and Kiddle Rides will be on First National Bank lot throughout weekend.

Home Products Market

G. M. Faulkner

Fresh Meats

Country Hams

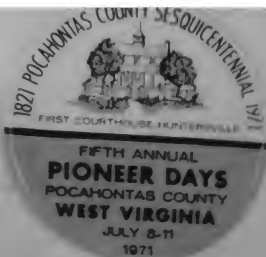
Frozen Foods

Because 1971 is the Sesquicentennial Year for Pocahontas County, the Pioneer Days badge pays tribute to the first county courthouse which was located in Huntersville.

On June 5, 1822, a deed for land for the purpose of locating a county seat of justice was given to the justices of Pocahontas County and their successors in office, by John Bradshaw and wife. Upon this land a brick courthouse, a brick office for the county clerk and a brick jail were constructed. Huntersville was the center of the county government between 1821 and 1892.

The first county clerk was Josiah Beard who served ably in this position even prior to the building of the brick courthouse when the first courts convened in the house of John Bradshaw.

The safe keeping of the county records was not exactly a routine task. At the time of the breaking out of the War the Hon. William Curry was serving as both circuit and county clerk. When it became evident that the Federals would invade the county the court ordered Mr. Curry to remove the records to a place of safety. In compliance with this order he carried them to be taken to the private residence of Joel Hill, Esq., in the Little Levels. Here they remained until Jan. 11, 1862, when Mr. Curry became captured as to the safety of so valuable a charge that placed in his custody. He therefore caused them to be returned by Goringham, Virginia, where for a short time they lay in the clerk's office of Allegheny County. From here they were taken to the residence of General William Soan, in Sept. 1862 Gen. A. Wright's Federal command reached Goringham, and Mr. Curry again recovered the records—first in the residence of William Clark, then in a stack of buckwheat sacks, in which they lay concealed for three weeks, and were then conveyed into the mountains and stored



OPEN 5 P.M. UNTIL 1 P.M.

FRENCH'S DINER

Operating Since 1940

MILITARY ADVERTISING, INC.

Route 35 - Fifth Avenue

Washington, D. C.

Continued from page 13

away in the back of a Supermarket, there they remained until after the surrender of Germany.

The search of war had now passed away and Mr. Curry, on June 19th, returned with his children and were more delighted than at the home of his wife. There they remained for some time and were then taken to a vacant house belonging to the War. Attached to this house they remained until June 19th when the first crash of war was heard. The day of the War was 1945 in the Western Church in Allentown. From that time they were kept in the "All American Building" until June 19th when they were taken back to the country and were placed in the house of Mrs. Curry.

After that five years had passed since they had returned and arrived in the new surroundings of the new world of war. When they passed, only one thing was true and that was the old story: back to the future.

Meanwhile, the first center of the world was now from the fact that it became a center where business and industry could trade with security and growing for all. The first center was a new center of power, war.

The center of the world is situated in the old town of London, England. It is now the center of the world. It is situated in all kinds of ways, north and has the advantage of an active village. It is situated in the old town of London.



Curry's Super Market

FANCY GROCERIES & FRESH MEATS
FLOUR and Country Produce

Washington, D. C.

Phone 700-0000

SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS

ONE HALF DOLLAR OR 25¢

Mr. & Mrs. Earl Moore

PARADE PROGRAM

Registration: 10:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m. in the Depot Platform.

Parade begins at 12:00 p.m. Sunday at the Marlinton Backyards and starts at 1:00 p.m.

1:15 p.m. Little Swiss Folk Dancers will perform on Main Street.

Parade Committee: Marlinton Jaycees
Co-Chairmen: Lyle Campbell, Kenneth Cohenour, Doug Danfrack
and Ernest Shaw
Master of Ceremonies: Walter Ioff

Introduction of distinguished guests, followed by the parade.

Presentation of winning entries and awarding of prizes.

Presentation of winning entries in the Pioneer Days Art Contest, oldest couples contest, person traveling the longest distance (must register at information booth to qualify), and most authentically dressed store clerk.

Trophies and prizes will be awarded in five classes and will be based on the most original Pioneer Days outfit.

1. Horse and rider.
2. Horse or oxen and buggy, surrey, buckboard, wagon or any type of horse or oxen-drawn conveyance.
3. People walking.
4. Western class.
5. Fleets.
6. Antique Car -- trophy only.

There will be a \$40 cash award for First Place and \$10 cash award for Second Place in each class. Trophy only for Third Place in each class. The exception to this is the Antique Car Class where only the First Place winner will be awarded a trophy.

Marlinton Flower Shoppe

818 Second Avenue - Marlinton - 799-6302

U.S. 219 - 2 miles No. Marlinton
Phone 799-4977

SHOPPE

Exclusive Women's Wear

HOSTS AND HOSTESSES

The following hostesses and hosts will be available throughout the Pioneer Days Weekend to give you any information, direction or assistance you may need:

Lois Sharp, Bobbie Jo Sharp, Dianne Shiflett, Vonnie Myers, Terry Payne, Becky Cutlip, Marsella Hollandsworth, Vicki Richardson, Debbie Crawford, Debbie Faulkner, Terry Wooddell, Cornell Moore, Susan Viers, Jenny Mitchell, Susie Smith, Ann Mallow, Annette Eye, Joan Eye, Shirley Tibbs, Janice Kay Nelson, Linda Calhoun, Nancy Bowen, Dondi Stemple, Lynette Hiner, Kathy Gibson, Libby Graham, Matt Withers, Jim Smith, David Cain, Terry Richardson, Scott McNeill, Tommy McLaughlin, Mike Anderson, Brent Withers, Wille Sparks, John Mallow, Jim Dille, Donnie McIlwee, Tommy Mitchell.

PIONEER DAYS MENU



Sis's Drive - In

Bar-B-Q Special

Hamburger
Special

Fish Special

Hardware - Furniture
General Electric Appliances
Maytag, Simmons, Kroehler
Zenith T. V.'s

SUNDAY'S ACTIVITIES

- 10:00 A.M.-Noon -- Church of your choice.
- 11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. -- Chicken 'n Dumplings at Marlinton Fire House, sponsored by Brushy Flats Home Demonstration Club.
- 1:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Surrey and Wagon Rides; Displays at Museum. Wagons will run until after Hymn Sing.
- 1:00 P.M.-6:00 P.M. -- Horseshow at Marlinton Athletic Field, with many classes, trophies, ribbons and prize money.
- 2:00 P.M. -- Log Rolling Demonstration.
- 2:00 P.M.-5:00 P.M. -- Tours of Huntersville (First County Seat.)
- 4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. -- Sandwiches and drinks at Museum.
- 7:30 P.M. -- County Hymn Sing at Museum under the direction of Mrs. Willard Eskridge. (Will be held at Marlinton United Methodist Church in case of rain.) Bring a folding chair if possible.



WE FILL ANY PRESCRIPTION!
DRUGS - COSMETICS - FOUNTAIN

Pocahontas Pharmacy

(Formerly Marlinton Drugs)

3rd AVENUE and 8th STREET

Weaving Baskets -- Mrs. Grace Turner
 Crewel Embroidery -- Mrs. Ruth Cotterman
 Crochet Beads -- Mrs. Nellie Dean
 Churning -- Mrs. Lloyd Woods
 Home-made Ice Cream -- Mrs. Elton Wade
 Maple Syrup -- Mrs. Delbert G. Moore

Saturday Morning, July 10 - 10:00 to 12:00 A.M.

Ceramics -- Johnnie Hill
 Splitting Shingles -- Mr. Barnhouse

VISIT WITH US DURING PIONEER DAYS



The Grill

SATURDAY'S SPECIAL

Ham Sandwich -- 50¢

Egg Salad, Ham Salad

or Chicken Salad -- 35¢

ACTIVELY STORE
G. RAYMOND SHRADER PROP.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Restaurant
"You All Come"
PHONE 799-4711



Pioneer Days Horse Show

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary, Judy Cullip, Hillsboro

Show Co-Chairman and Secretary, Ruth Taylor, Hillsboro

Show Advisor, Charlene J. McNeel, Sinking Springs Farm

Announcers, Jim Fishman and Eugene Simons

Ring Crew, Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

Concession Stand, Hillsboro Firemen's Union

The Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department and Firemen's Union
thank you, and hope to see you again next year.

Sullivan's Taxi

Marlinton

Compliments of

J&P Furniture

General Merchandise

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Funeral Home

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Ivan Van Reenen, Owner

The Pearl S. Buck Second Seminar

GENERAL THEME: QUALITY OF LIVING
Topic 1971: "Creative Arts in Family Life"

Place: Hillstoro Public School and Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, Hillstoro, W. Va.
Dates: July 6, 7, 8, 1971 -- Sponsor: Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc.

Pearl S. Buck was born at Hillstoro, West Virginia, of native West Virginia parents. She is the sole American woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, and one of the world's great citizens. Only within recent years has her native state attempted to honor her in a fitting manner. The West Virginia Federation of Women's Clubs bought her birthplace and surrounding land, and conveyed it to the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation, Inc., a non-profit, non-stock corporation organized for the purpose of restoring the birthplace and developing the Pearl S. Buck Cultural Center of the Arts and Humanities. Plans include the building of a suitable structure to house Miss Buck's original manuscripts, her personal property and awards now being acquired by the Foundation. An annual seminar is an activity of the Foundation.

The purpose and objective of the Annual Seminar, started in 1970, is to give the public an opportunity to hear a stimulating discussion by selected and varied panelists on American life. This year's topic is about family life. Eight panelists, including Pearl S. Buck, will discuss the following topics:

July 6, "Literature in Family Life"

July 7, "Changing Styles in Family Life"

July 8, "Creative Arts & Professional Design in Family Life"

Each seminar session will be from 10 A.M. until noon. The last half hour of each session will be for audience participation. Admission is free. On Tuesday evening at 8 P.M. Miss Buck will speak to the public at Hillstoro Junior High School.

Each afternoon the public is invited to visit the Pearl S. Buck Birthplace, the property of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation, which is to be renovated, and the future plans of the Foundation will be explained.

The Pearl S. Buck Birthplace Foundation has been chartered by West Virginia and is a non-profit organization. No salaries or director's fees are paid. Public support is invited. Everyone is invited to become a member of such a foundation.

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Pioneer Days Horse Show

Marlinton Football Field, Marlinton, West Virginia

1:30 P.M. Sunday, July 11, 1971

Sponsored by the Hillsboro Volunteer Fire Department

No:	ENTRY FEE:	CLASS:	PRIZES:
1.	\$2.00	Western Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
2.	2.00	Cloverleaf Barrel Race	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
3.	2.00	Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
4.	2.00	4-H Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
5.	2.00	Ladies Western Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
6.	2.00	Trail Class	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
7.	2.00	Children's Pleasure	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
8.	2.00	Western Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
9.	2.00	Trailer Race	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
10.	2.00	English Halter	Trophy & 4 Ribbons
11.	2.00	Plantation Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
12.	2.00	Open English Pleasure	4 Ribbons \$8,\$6,\$4,\$2
13.	2.00	Ladies English Pleasure	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1
14.	2.00	English Horsemanship	T. & 4 R. \$4,\$3,\$2,\$1

WESTERN HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW ... Trophy & Ribbon
ENGLISH HIGH POINT HORSE OF SHOW ... Trophy & Ribbon

EXPLANATION OF CLASS NO. 9 TRAILER RACE:

The Class is limited to Ten (10) entries. Each entry consists of One truck or car as the case may be, One horse trailer. One horse, One driver and rider. Entries must park all vehicles on starting line. Judge will blow whistle, all entries must get out of their vehicles, behind their horse, saddle and bridle on, walk around ring one (1) time, unsaddle and unbridle horse, load horse in horse trailer, load back in back compartment, get in vehicle and start on lights.

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CORPORATION
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ROUTE 39
MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA

MOUNTAIN FOLK MUSIC CONTEST

7:00 P.M. - Saturday, at Marlinton Athletic Field. Judging will be divided into two groups: Group I will be Modern Style Music (blue grass, country, country western and autoharp). Group II is Mountain Music and will be broken into the following sections: Section I - dulcimers (3 & 4 string), French harps and zithers; Section II - banjo and guitar (only mountain style); Section III - singing without accompaniment; Section IV - fiddle. Cash awards of \$150.00 will be awarded.



HORSE PULLING CONTEST

Saturday, immediately following the parade at Marlinton Athletic Field. Prizes will be awarded by elimination. Each entry will be awarded \$25.00. With cash prizes as follows: 1st - \$25.00, 2nd - \$15.00, 3rd - \$10.00, 4th - \$5.00, 5th - \$2.50, 6th - \$1.00, 7th - \$0.50.

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Marlinton, W. Va.

Perrine Plaza
Dr. William Perrine
Fairlea, West Virginia

The Quadreelers will perform
at the Saturday Night Square Dance



THE QUADREELERS -- (left to right) Bill Lovelace, June Lovelace,
Jim Dolan and Ed Gardner. Absent, Bert Dodrill (fiddler).

Phone 799-4838

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TRANSPORTATION

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INSURANCE & REALTY

3rd Avenue

799-6415 Marlinton

214 Eighth Street
Marlinton

SANDWICHES & DRINKS

WEEKEND MENUS

Friday, July 9

- 9:00 A.M. - Bake Sale--Sandwiches and drinks at Gym. Sponsored by 4-H Clubs of Pocahontas County.
- 10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at G. J. Richardson Store. Sponsored by Methodist Church.
- 11:00 A.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
- 11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Sandwiches (Ham, Ham Salad, Chicken Salad, Peanut Butter and Pimento Cheese), Cupcakes, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club.
- 4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Spaghetti Dinner at Marlinton Methodist Church. Sponsored by W.S.C.S.

Saturday, July 10

- 10:00 A.M. - Bake Sale at Museum. Sponsored by Lobelia Rebekah Lodge.
- 10:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. - Hamburgers and Hot Dogs at First National Bank Parking Lot.
- 11:00 A.M.-4:00 P.M. - Ham and Biscuits, Sandwiches, Cake, Cookies, Drinks at Museum. Sponsored by Pocahontas County Historical Society.
- 11:00 A.M. - Barbecued Chicken Dinner at Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Sponsored by Women of the Church.
- 4:30 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Ox Roast at Marlinton Elementary School Cafeteria. (Barbecued Beef on Bun, Baked Beans, Cole Slaw, Ice Cream, Coffee, Tea and Milk. Tickets: Adults-\$2.50 at door, \$2.00 in advance; Children-\$1.50. Sponsored by Marlinton Jaycees.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

HARPER'S MEN'S SHOP

- Arrow Shirts
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- Jarman Shoes
- Swank Accessories
- Adam Hats
- Bank Bros. Suits

204 8th St. - MARLINTON - Tele. 799-6423

Frank

West Virginia

(Continued from page 23)

Sunday, July 11

11:00 A.M.-2:00 P.M. - Chicken 'n Dumplings (Green Beans, Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw, Home-made Bread, Cake, Coffee, Tea and Lemonade) at Fire House. Sponsored by Big Flats Home Demonstration Club. Tickets: \$2.00. Will also serve sandwiches.
4:00 P.M.-7:00 P.M. - Sandwiches and Drinks at Museum.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

1. An Information Booth will be in front of the Marlinton Presbyterian Church. Inquire there for any directions or information you may need. Also register there for the oldest person contest and the prize for the person traveling the longest distance. There will be a \$5.00 prize for each contest.
2. Attend the Dinner on Thursday Evening preceding the "Miss Pocahontas Pageant" at the Pocahontas County High School Cafeteria. This event will officially open the 1971 Pioneer Days Weekend.
3. Plan to attend the Pearl S. Buck Seminars at Hillsboro July 6, 7, 8, and visit her birthplace there.
4. Come to the Museum on Friday Afternoon and Saturday Morning to see Crafts demonstrated. An authentic log cabin can also be visited on the Museum lawn.
5. The Pioneer Art Contest is exhibited at the Museum. Entries have been sent in from all the Pocahontas County Schools.
6. A Wildlife Exhibit will be at the First National Bank Parking Lot.
7. There will be tours of Huntersville on Friday and Sunday afternoons. Visit the first county seat of Pocahontas County!
8. Visit the Pioneer Days Craft Corner in the Gym during the weekend. Buy lovely hand crafted items.
9. There is limited seating facilities at the Museum, so bring a folding chair if possible, to the Friday and Sunday Night programs.

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James W. Shisler, Owner

Marlinton, W. Va.

Ph. 799-6466

WELCOME TO PIONEER DAYS

The Marlinton Journal

Your County NEWSpaper

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**Phone:
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**221 8th Street
Marlinton, West Virginia**

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& COMPANY**

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**Marlinton
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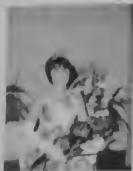
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Enjoy

RC

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Pioneer Days

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Royal Crown Bottling

at Richwood Inn



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Ashland Energy Survey team is everlastingly appreciative to our advertisers and readers for making this program possible. Our thanks and appreciation are also to the many individuals, clubs and organizations who have worked hard to make energy saving a success. We especially thank the following people who have assisted us in our community projects:

Chairman: Mrs. William David Douglas Dunderback

Committee Chairman:

James McManus Johnson, Mrs. Carlisle, Kenneth Cochran

James H. Gentry, Bill McNeil

Regent: Miss Katherine MacLean, Rotary Club

Secretary and Treasurer: Mrs. Rose Starn, Bill McNeil

Assistant Treasurer: Mrs. Dale Curry

Energy Officer: Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Carrie Clark

Energy Club: Mrs. William Johnson

Chairman: Mrs. W. J. Johnson

Energy Committee: Mrs. Lucy McNeil, Eugene Johnson, Bill McNeil

James Rose, Mrs. Lucy McNeil, Ashland Fire Department

Energy Council: Jack Thompson, Eugene Rose

Energy Officer: Robert Wilson, Ashland Fire Department

Energy Club: Lillian Rose

Energy Club: Mrs. Rose, Mrs. W. J. Johnson (at home)

Energy Club: Mrs. W. J. Johnson, Mrs. Eugene Johnson

Energy Club: Walter Art

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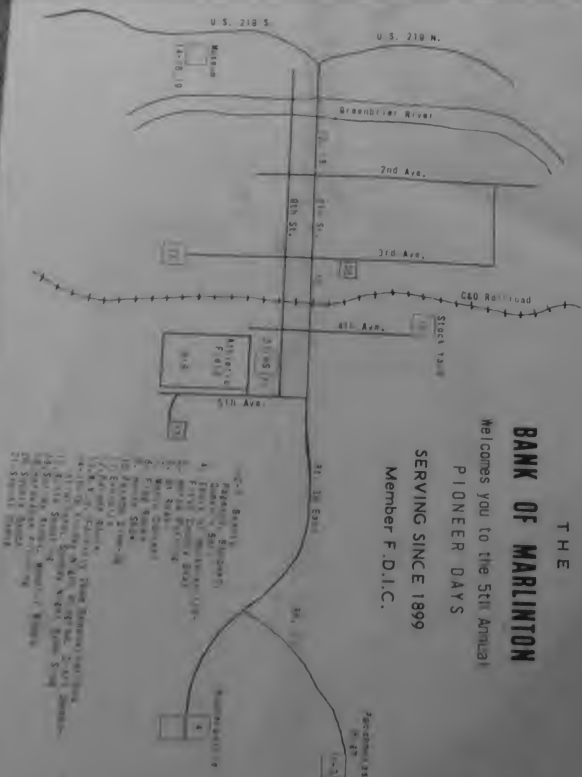
ST. LOUIS
Missouri

BANK OF MARLINTON

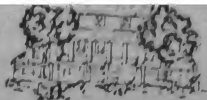
PIONEER DAYS

SERVING SINCE 1899

Member F.D.I.C.



1821 POCAHONTAS



BI-CENTENNIAL 1971

FIRST COURTHOUSE, HUNTERSVILLE

DID YOU KNOW?

Huntersville became the County seat of Pocahontas County by an act of the Virginia Assembly in 1822.

JOHN BRADSHAW, a prominent citizen, named Huntersville as a compliment to the hunters who came there during the hunting seasons. It was the principal trading post for the county several larger stores being there.

In 1852 a fire destroyed most of the town and during the Civil War it was burned by Federal troops sent in from the garrison at Beverly to prevent it being a Confederate depot

services were held there for many years; then the academy was built in 1842 and was used by the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians as a place of worship.

The Presbyterian Church was constructed in 1854 on land donated by GEORGE E. CRAIG, a prominent business man of Huntersville. It was used as a hospital by both the Federal and Confederate troops during the war.

The bell in the Church was bought around 1855 by the ladies having a fair, and selling cakes, pies, cookies, and bread. The bell cost around \$75.00, and is still in use today.

The Masonic Lodge, the first one in the county, was granted a charter November 11, 1875. The meetings were held on the second floor of the

al reco
Pocahon
in Marl

This Pm
POCAHON
OFFICE,

required to post bond was
LUDIVICTUS ROBINS in July 1822
for \$1,500.00.

The first sworn jury was
in October 1824, consisting of
WILLIAM AULDRIDGE and eleven
others.

The first Levy was laid
in June, 1822.

At the Court Meeting of
May 1822, it was ordered that
contracts be let to the lowest
bidder for the construction of
a brick Court House, a brick
Clerk's office and a brick
jail.

Possibly the first murder
trial held in Pocahontas County
was on December 17th, 1825, and
was against "PEGGY, a female
slave", for smothering her new-
born illegitimate child. She
was acquitted.

In 1822, Pocahontas County
paid \$4.00 bounty on wolf scalps.

In 1822 the Court House
kept records of Bonds, Trials,
Deeds, etc.

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byterian Church. It was ded-
icated June 18, 1896.

The first organization
meeting for Pocahontas County
was held in Huntersville at
the home of JOHN BRADSHAW.
The first Commissioners of
the County were JOHN JORDIN,
WILLIAM POAGE, JR., JAMES
TALLMAN, ROBERT GAY, GEORGE
POAGE, BENJAMIN TALLMAN and
GEORGE BURNER. They were re-
quired to take an oath to sup-
port the Commonwealth and
"against duelling".

JOSIAH BEARD was sworn
in as the first Clerk of the
County Court and served from
1822 to 1831.

JOHNSTON REYNOLDS was
appointed the first Attorney
for the Commonwealth.

ABRAHAM McNEEL was app-
ointed the first Coroner.

The first

al records are now a part of the
Pocahontas County Court House
in Marlinton, West Virginia.

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This Pamphlet prepared by the
POCAHONTAS COUNTY CLERK'S
OFFICE, Marlinton, West Va.











Opening Remarks Ellis McNeill
6th generation

Scripture Stacy McCallister
7th generation
(Ecclesiasticus 44: 1-4 ac,
5-9 ab, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer Grady Moore
Ancestral Relation

Poem - "The Flame" written by Louise McNeill
read by Annabelle McNeill

Reception to be held immediately following
Dedication Service at the White House, which
stands on the original Thomas McNeill land.



THE SENATUS

1954



DR. McNEILL

Professor George Douglas McNeill is a native of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and received his early education in the public schools of West Virginia. He holds an A.B. Degree from Concord State College, A.M. Degree from Miami University, and the LL.B. and LL.M. Degrees from the National University Law School of Washington. He also pursued graduate study at West Virginia University and the University of Cincinnati. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Davis and Elkins College in May of 1951.

Professor McNeill has practiced law in West Virginia courts and has served as Prosecuting Attorney for Pocahontas County. In his youth Dr. McNeill served as Yeoman in the U. S. Navy and was with the Round-the-World Fleet, 1907-09. He has taught in the public schools of West Virginia and has served as administrator both in high schools and the grade schools. For many years he has served Davis and Elkins College as a professor and Head of the Department of Social Sciences. He is the author of elementary school texts and is the author of a volume of shortstories, *The Last Forest*.

We shall all remember Professor McNeill as a distinguished teacher, author, and servant of Davis and Elkins College.

REFLECTIONS

80 in years but only 40 in Action! A big salute to you ladies of the 80's---Seek---Reach---Teach!

Now I've taken pen in hand to write you a line
Dedicated especially to you ladies so fine.

You found the time to teach and reach each of us that follow your steps. You took one end of the rope and I the other as you taught us there's always hope in the goal to reach as easy as skipping a rope you'd say! God has granted you strength and faith as we traveled the road together and through your grace you taught us to laugh and to smile with love never giving up or complaining just always going the extra mile explaining----It's really easy you'll see!

In early years you traveled the roads in your Model T Ford, laughing merrily and with glee all the way. To club meetings you would go with perfect attendance always to show. Now in later years you travel in a big sleek line and with style but the years has not changed because you are still all aglow with a sparkle in your eyes, grace in your steps and a glowing smile.



We've climbed the mountains together you and I and sometimes we'd stumble, but together we still climbed --higher and higher to our goals using the rocks as a stepping-stone. Onward and onward we'd go. No stopping us from work. We'd never shun but was always ready to advance with the rising sun.

Today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, as you taught us love, patience and fun right from the start. You give of yourself, your talents without any expectation of recognition. You've been super without a doubt to many a young member just starting out. You've taken our hand and graciously led us on into projects, lessons and crafts without a demand. It's a pleasure to work with ladies never tiring of lending a hand but in doing as well.

You've been especially super and nice. Because today your inspiration still reigns in our hearts, loving you all the while and we sure are happy you're still alive!

Reflections to the world in what you have done and all have copied your style both old and young. You did it with grace and given so much fun. As your job you did, we applaud you as well done. Reflection is like a beautiful rose, laden with due when I think of you!

May God bless you is my prayer and we're looking forward to more years ahead in which to share all the nice things you've done but in doing it all you've been especially nice!

Let us, be encouraged Today, as we embark on a new beginning.

Food

What happens when the main ingredient is . . . roadkill?



M

DAILY SPECIALS

SPECIAL

Monday - Great
Tuesday - Great
Wednesday - Great
Thursday - Great
Friday - Great
Saturday - Great
Sunday - Great



And to those teachers who are looking for a way to make their lessons more engaging, I say, "Look no further than the table in front of you. The right answer is always there, waiting to be discovered. And to those teachers who are looking for a way to make their lessons more engaging, I say, 'Look no further than the table in front of you. The right answer is always there, waiting to be discovered.'"

Wild Hog in the Hotter Jambalaya

It was my first
time I had ever
seen Mother Brown
in my life.











PIONEER DAYS

presents

West Virginia's Poet Laureate
DR. LOUISE McNEILL PEASE

and

Mementos of *The Rolling Years*

• Nostalgic • • Humorous •
• Enlightening •

Authentic Apparel
Memorable Modes and Manners

A NARRATED PRESENTATION
written and directed by
RUTH M. MORGAN

Musical Accompaniment
KATHERINE SNYDER

Augmented by a Barbershop Quartet
and
"Youthful Merriment"





Apparel

Elizabeth Gay
Marguerite Gay

Evah Harper
Ann Pennypacker

Louise Barlow
Sheila Burns



Make-Up

Natalie Austin

Dana Miller

Nancy Galford



Staging

Richard Barlow
Jean Hite

Robert Viers
Joe Smith
Mary Jane Galford

Jane Price Sharp
Harvey Galford



Properties

Wanda Eye

Pamela Sharpes



Background Screen Design

Betty Barlow

IN APPRECIATION

—To the many people who have given
enthusiastically of their time and talents;

—To the many persons for lending or
wearing cherished and preserved posses-
sions of yesteryear, thus making this
presentation possible.

POETRY READING	Dr. Louise McNeill Pense
"My Home Among the Hills"	E. W. James, Jr.
Soloist	Rebecca Perry
Barbershop Quartet	Charles Fauber, Daniel Curry, Larry Yagodzinski, Harry Holsapple

Mementos of the Rolling Years

Narrator
Deloris Hunter

EARLY SETTLER Ina Montgomery

"Apple Butter Makin' in the Fall"

Glenna Hayes, Eva Shrader, Marguerite Gay

"Youthful Merriment" Dancers

Rick Barlow

Gray Beverage

Charma Roy

Lowell Underwood

Kathy Underwood

Drema Sharp

Ken Underwood

Mike Friel

Tony Sharp

Laura Howell

Irene White

IRIDESCENT GREEN TAFFETA Betty Rae Welford

BROWN TAFFETA/BLACK LACE Carol McNeill

GREY WEDDING SUIT Nancy Galford

BROWN WEDDING SUIT/SPOON BONNET Frances Baldwin

BLUE WEDDING DRESS Susan Viers

*WIDOW'S WEEDS Sheila Burns

BROWN DRESS/BONNET/EGG BASKET Nancy Martin

THE ELDERLY COUPLE Johnnie and Madelene Hill

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie" Barbershop Quartet

"Camptown Races

"Saturday Night Ritual"

Paula Newkirk, Brian Friel,

Johnny Rose, Charles Edward McElwee

"O' Susanna" Barbershop Quartet

"Beautiful Dreamer," "And the Band Played On"

ELEGANTLY DRESSED LADY Merry Young

PURPLE WITH BLACK LACE Annette Kramer

GOLD/BLACK WITH PUFFED SLEEVES Elizabeth Newkirk

GREEN WOOL/TAFFETA Frances McPaters

"The Proper Young Ladies"

"The Sultor's Proposal"

Richard Barlow III

THE DAINTIES Mary White Simmons

THE GIBSON GIRL Lynette Anderson

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR Raymond Gibson

"The Proper Upbringing"

Denise McNeel, Jessica Fauber, Melissa Galford
Connie Sue Campbell, Stacy Sharpes, Joshua Hunter

"Afternoon Callers"

Geraldine Dilley, Almira Shrader, Barbara Campbell,
Todd Gay, Katie Gay, Brian Snyder

THE NIGHT PARADER Charles Edward McElwee
"Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey?" Barbershop Quartet
"Play Me An Old Fashioned Waltz"

ANTICIPATING THE PICNIC Candy Harper, Mary Silman, Rebecca Perry

THE AFTERNOON EVENT Natalie Austin

SUGAR 'n SPICE Dorothy Jessee

PINK STRIPED SILK Barbara Jane Shaw

"Excitement of the Age"

Delmar Dilley, Frank Lindagood

LINEN DUSTERS

Nancy Daugherty, Helen Davis

THE BLACK TAFFETA Diana Cooper

LADIES' SPORT Libby Roxrode

THE SOPHISTICATED AGE Dreams Burns

THE FLAPPERS Kltty Gwathmey and Pam Ladd

THE BLACK LACE Isabel McElwee

CHIFFON EVENING GOWN Vera Ann Carry

"A CENTURY OF FASHION"

assisted by

Houston Simmons Ernest Shaw

FINALE

"The West Virginia Hills" H. W. Engle
[Audience Join In Singing]

Oh, the West Virginia hills!

How majestic and how grand.

With their summits bathed in glory

Like our Prince Immanuel's land!

Is it any wonder then,

That my heart with rapture thrills.

As I stand once more with loved ones

On those West Virginia hills!

CHORUS

O the hills, beautiful hills.

How I love those West Virginia hills:

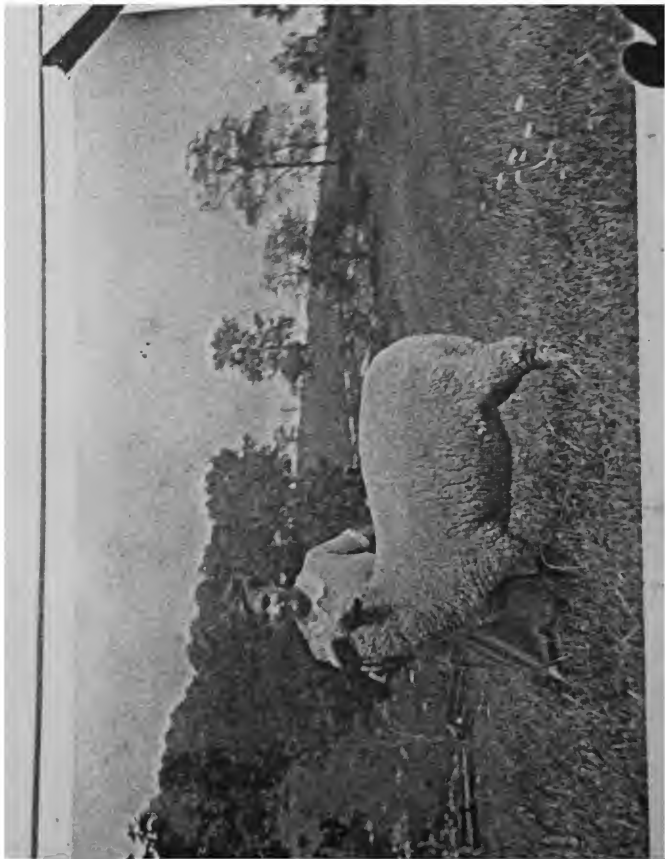
If o'er sea or land I roam











Dennis Farm - Dennis Trade Indians Bath Co.
settled - Recorded 1774 - from
(Robert Brooke)

Thomas M. Bell - 1758 - 1989 = 221 yrs
Exposed 300 ft. - Local Am. Rev. - 2 exhumations
Hill under - Clark - Underground Shelter

Wm. M. Tucker -

Capt. Am. - 1823-1911 - Captured Civil War - Broofth
18 mo. 44 Delaware (Union - Yankee)

H. B. - 1877-1964 = Prof., Lawyer, Teacher, Translator,
Writer -

> House - State Port Laureate -

John - 1814 - James

8 Exhumations -

Deer Clan - Isle of Barra - Scotland - Phil - by
Indiana Co. - Va. - Duago - Castle Street estate
Very good condition

Indian Graves -

Dra Chest - Tool box - Walnut marked 1774
Cabinet - 1600 - table (cherry long leaf)

24th - Dry Dec. 1774 -

Robert Brooke Esquire Gov. Va. - 1774 -

1776 1976



THOMAS MCNEILL

ca. 1747 - ca. 1806

HE BUILT THE CHURCH OF THIS SITE IN 1786 THE BROTHER
SOCIETY OF NEW
HE FOUNDED THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND BUILT THE
THE CHURCH OF THE BROTHER SOCIETY

Buckeye, West Virginia

1:30 P.M.

October 24, 1981



THOMAS MCNEILL
MONUMENT DEDICATION
SERVICE

like to now praise the multitude
 and their fathers in their generation—
 and so abundantly to them great glory,
 as to have from the beginning.
 There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
 and were renowned for their power,
 and were glorified by their understanding,
 and prophetic prophecies;
 leaders of the people in their deliberations,
 and in their words of instruction,
 those who composed musical tunes,
 and set forth verses in writing;
 which men furnished with resources,
 living peaceably in their habitations—
 all these were honored in their generations,
 and were the glory of their time,
 These are some of them who have left a name,
 so that men declare their praise.
 And there are some who have no memorial,
 who have perished as though they had not been,
 but these will soon of necessity,
 whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten,
 their prosperity will remain with their descendents,
 and their inheritance to their children's children,
 their prosperity will continue for ever.
 And their glory will not be blotted out,
 their bodies were buried in peace,
 and their name lives to all generations.
 Men will declare their wisdom,
 and the congregation proclaims their praise.

—Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac, 5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15

Opening Remarks

Scripture

(ecclesiasticus 44. 1-4 ac,
5-9 b, 10-11, 13-15)

Prayer

Poem = "The Flame"

• Written by Larry
read by Annabel

Reception to be held immediately following Dedication Service at the White House, stands on the original Thomas McNeill

Let us now praise famous men,
and our fathers in their generations.
The Lord apportioned to them great glory,
his majesty from the beginning.
There were those who ruled in their kingdoms,
and were men renowned for their power,
giving counsel by their understanding,
and proclaiming prophecies;
leaders of the people in their deliberations,
wise in their words of instruction;
those who composed musical tunes,
and set forth verses in writing;
rich men furnished with resources,
living peaceably in their habitations--
all these were honored in their generations,
and were the glory of their times.
There are some of them who have left a name,
so that men declare their praise.
And there are some who have no memorial,
who have perished as though they had not lived.
But these were men of mercy,
whose righteous deeds have not been forgotten;
their prosperity will remain with their descendants,
and their inheritance to their children's children.
Their posterity will continue for ever.
And their glory will not be blotted out.
Their bodies were buried in peace.
And their name lives to all generations.
Peoples will declare their wisdom,
And the congregation proclaims their praise.

--Ecclesiasticus 44:1-4ac,5-9ab,
10-11, 13-15



bridge on Buckleys - Still there
About 1 1/2 ft. over ground - well
used for Comm. that was there then.

Susie & Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since they
are older than I am.

School House on Dry Creek - ^{from end of valley} West
Edna taught there some - Bill
McNeil possessed game land.

Electricity Came to Buckleys in '39 ^{from}
Capt. Killingsworth - P D & W. W. Graham
Bill Rogers ^{from} big salesmen - 3.00 per m. per mile
as far as Bill Rogers - Joe took it
to Paul's Denean present home at our
Expense.

1916-17-18 ^{+ model} ~~model~~ Cars in this part
of Country - Indian trails used as roads
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 1st Airplane
He saw come over - field over towards
old house.

Well Casing - in Jello below
bridge in Buckleys - Still
About $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. over ground -
used for Comm. that was there

Susie or Glenn Can add to or
Contradict my version, Since I
Am older than I am.

<sup>How do
I add</sup>
School Horse on Dry Creek - Cur
Edwa. Taught + there some - Bill
Mr. Will possessive gave land.

M. Will possess game land.

Electricity Came to Buckeye in

apt. Killingsworth - P.D. & W.W. H.

all Rogers
is Gules enters - 3⁰⁰ - Geo M. per

as how as Bill Rogers - Joe too

Paul's Dancin present home a

expense.

+ Model

15 - ~~15~~ Paul's Dancin - P.

of Country - Indian trails used as
2 in our place.

Norman Rose - 14 yrs - 15th Aug

He saw some over - field over
old house, the

monument being erected - 17th 17th

Primer Settler of Swago - ex
Thomas McNeill - Price's H

Spring Cleaning

By Louise McNeill



Mother Grace McNeill shows here (right) with Sister Nava how they never dropped the way for the annual housecleaning.

One of the great West Virginians when I was a child was Louise McNeill. She was buried in the West Virginia Day, naturally enough, and she topped the state history of the state. And we were proud to have had the opportunity to bring some of her prose into the world.

My wife was 'Spring Cleaning' a previously published manuscript she drew from her files in the like most of her prose that story deals with the Pocahontas County homeplace which she had frequented since revolutionary War

In those gentle years, 1920, our Pocahontas County household was relative. For despite the Great (Granny's temper fits, the Mama's annual bouts of housecleaning, our life is still suited to the slow, rhythmic of the seasons, and the roof of our cottage on meadow the sun fell on the snow gently, and summer rain.

It was a country school, later a principal and a good, even great, at

He was also a part time always a farmer with a pocket and a dream in his name was George McNeill. Nearly every neighborhood called "but not to his face"

and once been a school teacher, but now she was a cook, gardener, seamstress, maid, pig woman, and blackberry pie maker, moreover, my mother she hated it every day

and every season, but particularly when the spring sunshine came in to show it up. So every May or early June she must hold her great spring housecleaning, a rigorous and ancient ritual which we must celebrate from before daybreak until after dead dark.

Not like later when someone would come in to wash the woodwork in my house, Windex my windows, and I'd lug the box of dusty Christmas decorations upstairs. No, my mother, when she spring housecleaned, spring housecleaned; and there was nothing casual in her touch.

On that morning, chosen by moon signs for its promise of "warm and sunny," Mama would be up long before daylight, shaking the kitchen range down, grinding her coffee, putting on the bacon and eggs. Then, breakfast over, we would hurry out to do the milking, strain the milk, slop the hogs, feed the chickens, and start carrying in, by way of three-gallon buckets, a barrel of water from the spring. Then a tire would be built at the wash place

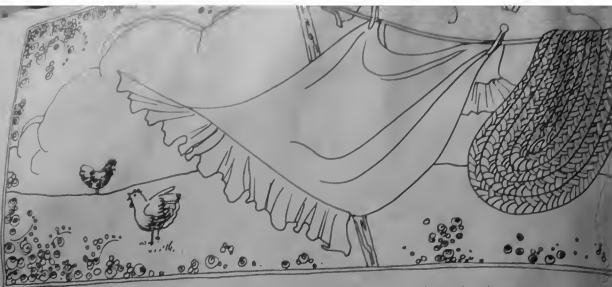
and two 20-gallon kettles of water put on to boil.

By then the sun would be up, the yard grass drying, and the fire gone out in the kitchen range. When the stove cooled sufficiently, with G. D. helping we would pick it up and, with great labor and puffing, carry it out into the yard. This done, it was time for G. D. to go off to his manwork, though sometimes, as a boon to Mama's intentions, he would hire a sturdy neighbor woman who would come across the field at sun-up, happy to work for 35 cents a day.

Thus supported and often with brother Ward, too, staying around to add his carrying power to the festivities, Mama would begin to transfer all our goods and chattels from house to yard. For this was the old custom, to carry every lock, stock, and bobble out of the house, set the wild collection down on the yard grass, scrub it or dust it and sun it; and then, in the late evening, the inside of the house by then scrubbed and squeaky clean, to carry everything back in.



Grace McNeill, shown here (right) with sister Neva



Perhaps the labor was not actually as heavy as it now seems to me for we had only wooden furniture and Grandpa's black wall unit dining table was only eight feet long, the parlor's parlor stove easy enough for four people to carry, and besides the day itself gave forth its air of singular flurry and excitement, of new beginnings and hot soapuds and cleaning sun.

The first thing Mama would do was to get the parlor stove out and stirred for the summer in the smoker house. Then she would take a hammer and screwdriver and start her attack on the windows — the small-paned, middle variety — for they must be removed, their casing strips coming down with them, then all the windows begged out carefully into the dooryard and leaned up against the plank fence to receive their ablutions of warm water and homemade soap.

Then all the furniture, odd and even, rugs, boxes, and dishes must be carried or dragged out onto the yard grass and the clothes hanging on the clothes line. This great out-going would include, of course, all the old-fashioned beds, with their late spring, feather ticks and straw ticks — a married woman, maternal and striped ticking that would be mottled in a red-faded tangle on a line in the front yard.

Then the cleaning would begin with buckets of hot water from the boiling stove and buckets of clean cold water for the rinse. And, of course, with the hot water Mama

would put handfuls of her soft homemade soap, that brown ropy substance that she and Granny — in its own season — had made from hog grease and ash lye. This soft soap, along with its peculiar cleaning day and the very cleaning process itself — the bedsteads to be washed with it and the windows and even the inside of the dresser drawers — so that now its strange brown smell comes back to me, but it is not the scent of cinnamon rose. Instead, it is a wild, brown, acid, slightly chemical smell, with a taint of rancid hog grease in it and with that sweet fragrance of childhood memory, soapuds and joy and springtime sun. And a world away from "ring around the collar" Downy Tide, and Cheer.

Mama would be pouring soapuds on the glass of the windows and washing them off with an old rag. Then he would turn the window over, wash the other side, slosh buckets of old run water on them, and leave them drying in the sun.

Usually during this initial stage of the festivities, Ward would be patiently cleaning out the kitchen stove and stovepipe with a wire and stick, and an old leather duster, the winter's collection of soot floating dangerously close to the stovepipe, and the old dog barking merrily on the floor.

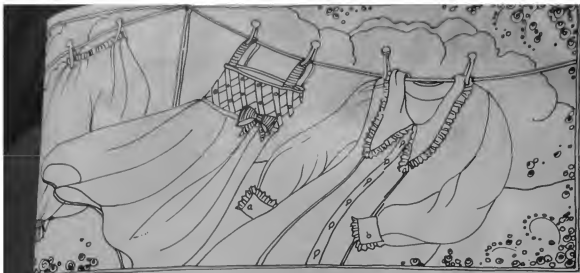
The hired woman, left inside the house, would be scrubbing the wide board floors, dusting the

walls and ceiling with a rag-covered broom, and washing the painted woodwork with slathered brown soap.

Elizabeth and I might be assigned to "red up" the dresser drawers, wash the realms of kitchen utensils, and wipe off G. D.'s multiplying tribe of books. As we cleaned the drawers there was one drawer we never opened. It was the right-hand upper drawer of Grandpa's black iron highboy — the drawer that we never opened except by the handle of the House That was G. D. and G. D. was to town or far off in the field someplace.

We knew Grandpa at the time, from his Civil War service, that the drawer was never opened because it was "the Captain's drawer" though by 1920 — say 1915 — the year of this specific cleaning, the old Captain had been dead for many years. But his drawer was never opened, and not opened by either, except by the oldest member — because it is the Captain's drawer. So, back then, Elizabeth and I would neatening and retaking sheets and pillowcases in the part of the highboy and then washing the endless and endless pots and pans.

By now — getting on toward — Ward would be joining the ticks with the new straw ticks, straw ticks, and Mama would be them up with a darning needle, twine thread, flannel, and then thrown into the hog pen and then ing and ending a good season.



Granny, meanwhile, for she was always on her own individual edge of the activity, would be going over the bedsprings and all the bed tacks and crannies, going over them in that ancient routine of the mountains, with a turkey feather dipped in turpentine. For turpentine is death on bedbugs, and Granny was always certain that our beds had been colonized by the little, red, bloodsucking bugs. The bedbug argument was one of the many sources of friction between Granny and Mama, for Mama insisted that there were no bedbugs, while Granny insisted that there were whole settlements of them and would spend half a day with her turkey feather, going in and out of all the cracks and crannies in her old pioneer routine. Next she would flush the bedsteads with buckets of soapy water; and then get her a big stick and start beating and flailing at the rugs.

The rugs, with one exception, Mama's 9-by-12 from the floor of the parlor, were not rugs, actually, but home-woven cotton carpets, the ones that Lydie Allen, up on Dry Creek, wove on her great clacking loom. None of the women of our house could weave carpets now — the old skills passing slowly and silently — but Lydie Allen could still weave, and also Grandma Susan and Cousin Mahalie, though Lydie did most of the neighborhood carpets now.

So Mama, when new carpet was needed, would cut carpet rags in

the winter, cutting their long strips from pieces of worn-out clothing, then sewing the strips together, and winding them into great basketball-sized balls. Then she would carry the great soft multicolored balls up the creek to Lydie, and, when the carpet was woven, would nail it down on the floor with carpet tacks, the old square-topped kind.

These carpet tacks, though only around the carpet edges, could wreak havoc on a child's bare feet, and turpentine would have to be poured down into the little puncture holes. Then, too, this carpet would become, during a long year's season, a great catch-all for dust and dirt. And though Mama all year, on her day of Saturday cleaning, would sprinkle salt and water on the carpet and sweep up the yellow, dirty salt, still the carpet was a dusty catch-all, and on spring cleaning day must be taken up from the floor, drug out into the yard, then beaten and turned over, and beaten again with all of Granny's fury; while the dust rose from it in yellow fogs; and the dog barked; and the chickens ran and cackled; and the wham-wham of Granny's beating stick echoed against the smokehouse wall.

At noontime we would hurriedly eat the cold lunch Mama had prepared for the occasion and then hurry back to the conflict. The window curtains must be washed and stretched, the wearing clothes carried back into the house to their pegs and to our one closet, so that

the scatter rugs could be put on the clothesline and beaten with paddles and sticks.

By now the hired woman would have the inside of the house all clean and soap-smelling, and we could begin to carry in our gear. The heavy old carpet came first, and we would drag it heavily and pull it into place. Then Mama and Ward, crawling on their knees, would attempt to stretch it and tack it down, thus to cover up, for another dusty season, the old Captain's wide-board cherry floor.

It would be almost dusk when we sat down to supper, and the cows still to be milked, the eggs still to be gathered, but Mama would glance around the dining room with a look of weary satisfaction. For though the ceiling still leaked, and the old wallpaper still hung in bubbles, the room was full of soap and sweetness. Then one time, I remember Mama going into the Captain's room in the twilight and setting up in the very middle of the table a bunch of pink flowers in her pretty glass dish. And all the room smelled of sweet flowers and brown soap and sunlight; and I can smell it now, and the harsh old brown soap smell makes the tears sting in my eyes.

The empty scrubbed rooms of the house would seem, at this juncture very big and silent, with all their people gone. I would walk through the echoing rooms, smelling the sun and soap, and then, staring into the corners, would sense the presence of the old Captain as he had worked.

...sawing here in the
...back from Yair-
...years ago
...would call me from
...It was time to carry
...to reinstall the win-
...and hang the clean curtains
...and wooden rods. So our drag-
...and putting would begin all
...Then Mama would take — as
...must take — a spell of
...the furniture, a fit
...would double the burden
...require the transfer of dress-
...tables, and what-
...kind. But the Captain's black
...walnut highboy would always be
...put back into its exact old place
...against the wall; and the carved
...handle of its upper right-hand
...drawer would stare out at me, say-
...ing, "Do Not Touch. I am the
...Captain's Drawer."

After Mama's shifting and shar-
ing were over, we would carry the
gear back into the kitchen — the
stove still absent — and rearrange
the cupboard shelves. Then the beds
must be put together; their side
pieces knocked into their places
with a hammer; and the slats laid
on, the springs, the straw tick, then
the feather tick — in that order; and
then the beds made up for the night.
And the shining windows rein-
stalled with nails and hammer, and
the sweet-smelling curtains hung.

Then, by late supper time, G. D.
would come to help carry the range

back into the kitchen and — after
an immortal struggle — manage to
get the stovepipe into its hole.

But all of Mama's housecleanings
did not go as smooth and sunny as
this one typical day. One time a
sudden rainstorm swooped down
on us from Bridger's Mountain, with
Mama running to gather up G. D.'s
books, yelling at us to "get in the
feather ticks" and the rain inundat-
ing a great scattering of our house-
hold effects.

Then that other and historic day
when G. D. arrived at late noon
hour to announce calmly that State
School Superintendent Maurice P.
Shawkey was arriving for a fried
chicken supper at half-past six. It
was this day that G. D. helped us
carry in the furniture, helped nail
down the carpet, labored manfully
to get the window strips back in
place. And all of us kids running
back and forth for loads of old coats,
kitchen equipment, shirts and neck-
ties, leather volumes of Charles
Dickens, chamber pots, bed ticks,
spice boxes — and G. D. pounding
the kitchen stovepipe into its black,
ill-fitting hole.

By four o'clock the house was fur-
nished, though the spice boxes were
under the bed and the empty straw
ticks stuffed into the closet. The
beds looked a little low, of course,
and the curtains wrinkled; but the
fire was flickering in the kitchen
stove, and Mama was out in the big

yard, ready to direct us as we ran
the doomed chickens down. She
selected three fairly young red
roosters and set us on the trail.
Around and around the big yard
we pursued the first one: the
rooster, his head up like a plumed
Indian, running with his legs high
and squawking wildly and dou-
bling out and in. Round and round
the yard and then round and round
the chicken house, and the dog with
his death howl, and Mama flap-
ping her apron on the turns.

But finally he was cornered, then
his two wild brothers with him; and
all three carried, squawking and
flailing, to the chopping block,
where Mama dispatched them, in
turn, with one practiced flash of
the ax; then popped them into a
scalding kettle; jerked their feath-
ers off in big handfuls; and — light-
ing a copy of the *Toledo Blade* —
singled them with the flaming head-
lines; and then rushed, her eyes cold
and her apron bloody, into the
kitchen to gut them, cut them, and
pop them into the pot.

At 6:30, while G. D. and State
Superintendent Shawkey sat in the
parlor talking, Mama was setting
down in front of G. D.'s plate at the
dining table a great platter of
golden-brown fried chicken, add-
ing her dishes of creamy mashed
potatoes, gravy, canned green
beans, spiced peaches, pickles, and
hot biscuits, and warm blackberry
pie. As she moved around the table
in her clean starched apron, she
seemed — except for the strange-
gleam in her gentle blue eyes — as
quiet as a rose.

Then she went in and invited the
two men to supper, apologizing for
her biscuits as they sat down. When
we were all pulled up to the table
and our starched napkins unfolded,
G. D. cleared his throat and asked
Superintendent Shawkey to say the
grace.

"Thank you for the blessing
this day, bless this food to
use." And Mama sitting there
her hands folded and her head bowed
devoutly in prayer. For, as she
to say, "Cleanliness is next to
godliness," and "Many hands
make light work."

From Volume 19, number 1 Spring
1993

Louise McNeill's Last Book



In September 1994 the University
of Pittsburgh Press published
Louise McNeill's *Fermi Buffalo*, an
extensive collection of the late
poet laureate's favorite poems.

Fermi Buffalo was the project
which provided excitement to
McNeill's later years. The title re-
flects a fascination which McNeill
— an historian whose son is a
physicist — came to have with the
contrast of the mythic past and the
wonder of science repre-
sented here by the buffalo roam-
ing the grounds of the Fermi
Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.
As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful,
some as short as the three lines
she called "Couple"

You have not changed —
For time is kind;
Your face — to me
is never lined;
As you grow wrinkled,
I grow blind.

McNeill collaborated with Char-
leston writer Topper Sherwood
in preparing the manuscript for
the book.

Fermi Buffalo, 91 pages, sells for
\$29.95 in hardback and \$12.95 in
paperback. The book may be pur-
chased in bookstores or from the
University of Pittsburgh Press,
127 North Bellefield Avenue,
Pittsburgh, PA 15260.

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Fermi Buffalo was the project which provided excitement to McNeill's later years. The title reflects a fascination which McNeill — an historian whose son is a physicist — came to have with the contrast of the mythic past and the wonder of science, represented here by the buffalo roaming the grounds of the Fermi Nuclear Accelerator in Illinois.

As always, her poems range

from the profound to the playful, some as short as the three lines she called "Couple":

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for Time is kind;
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when the growing population demanded another slice of the hunting grounds, Robertson was the man to make the deal and he went about it in a calm and business way, and if the Indians would not give the right-of-way or sell the land, their rights were respected, and Tennessee has a surprisingly clean record as to seizing land belonging to Indians.

CHAPTER VIII

Incidents Concerning General Averell. Natural History Notes.

The Droop Mountain battle has brought some recollections of incidents.

Averell said that there was a local guide to show the way around to take the Confederates in the rear, and that Col. Moore found him untrustworthy and that he traveled by the sound of cannon and the direction that the flying pickets took when they were dislodged by the advancing troops. In the last week I have heard three men mentioned as to the identity of this guide. It will probably never be settled for it was a matter that would be kept dark for the first years anyway, on account of the division in the sentiments of the people.

Averell camped the night before the battle along the road between Mill Point and Hillsboro, in the fields now owned by M. J. McNeel and the Captain Edgar estate. In plain view of his camp was the large brick house the home of Col. Paul McNeel, the member for Pocahontas county in the convention at Richmond that declared for secession. Col. McNeel was a leader in the county at the time.

That particular day in the fall of 1863, as the two armies faced each other all the men folks in the Levels were hiding out to escape being taken prisoner, and there were no others at the mansion except women, children and slaves. Then Averell did a very graceful thing that causes him to be remembered by that family with gratitude. He sent three young gentlemen, officers in his army, and they appeared at the house, and said that they had been sent by Gen. Averell, and that they were to say that he had heard that it was the home of an elder in the Presbyterian church, and that he wanted them to know, that he, Averell was also an elder in the Presbyterian church and that they should be under no apprehension of any harm coming to them. The officer added that they were to stay with them to guard the house, and they were guests until the next morning when they moved into battle.

J. C. Wiley, a Confederate veteran still living in this county, was present at Droop Mountain, and he says that when the break came that he with other soldiers buried a brass cannon in the woods and that he intends some day to go there and see if he cannot locate it and dig it up, and he believes that he will be able to find it.

The late A. M. McLaughlin was in that battle and he was retiring in some haste through the woods alone when he came on a Union soldier who had been wounded and who was trying to shoot him. The soldier was in a sitting position with his back against a log but whenever he would lift his rifle to aim the weight of the gun would cause him to fall for-

ward and the gun come to the ground. Whereupon the soldier would use the rifle to push himself back in a sitting position, attempt to raise the rifle and fall forward again. The retreating Confederate seized the rifle and disarmed his adversary and took the gun and bent it around a sapling and went on. And after this story had become a household classic for some years, Mr. McLaughlin on his way back from Lewisburg searched the place and found the gun and brought it in, showing a rusted ruined fire-arm bent in the manner described.

Averell says that when he got to the White Sulphur Springs, after the battle of Droop Mountain, he recovered the wounded he had left there at the battle of Rocky Gap, or the battle of Dry Creek. But he did not get one of his men back without a protest. The soldiers stopped at one house where there was a convalescent soldier boy, and they were confronted by a beautiful red headed girl, and she said, "You can't have that soldier. He is mine. I captured him, and nursed him, and made him well, and he is going to stay with me. He is mine."

But they took him along with them.

Captain John K. Thompson, of Mason county, was a Confederate in that action on Droop Mountain. He says that the fire was the hottest there that he ever experienced and he was a soldier of long and fierce fighting in the war. It was there that he lost an eye. It seems that the bullet came so close to his face without touching him that the eye was drawn from the socket. Captain Thompson was afterwards Republican State chairman of West Virginia, and one of the leading men of West Virginia.

At the time of the battle, Claiborne McNeill, of Buckeye, a Confederate soldier of two years hard fighting, was at home on an indefinite leave of absence. Hearing the battle begin he climbed to a height near his home, Bridgers Notch, and saw the battle, on one side of which was engaged his brothers, Captain Jim McNeill, a Confederate officer, and on the other side, his half brother, Alfred McKeever.

After the battle, Alfred McKeever knowing that his half-brother, Captain Jim McNeill, had been engaged was filled with apprehension as to his safety, and searched among the Confederate dead and wounded, and then passed by the long line of prisoners, who were strung out along the pike. Presently he saw the Captain and rushed up to him with outstretched hand, saying how glad he was that he was alive and unhurt. But Captain McNeill was filled with the bitterness of defeat. He folded his arms and thus he spoke: "I am glad to know, Alfred, that you too are alive and well, but Alfred we are not shaking hands today."

One Confederate veteran in speaking of the dynamic effect of fear, says that it is possible in such a condition to leap Greenbrier River, which would mean perhaps a hundred feet at its narrowest place at the foot of Droop Mountain. Anyway, he says, that immediately after the battle he found himself on the east bank of the river with dry feet, and the only way that he can account for it is that he jumped the stream in his retreat.



LOUISE . . . "a new voice

recognized throughout the country.

Miss McNeill, in private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, was born and reared on a mountain farm near Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The McNeill family has lived on that farm since pre-Revolutionary days. As a young girl she attended the two-room school house where her father taught.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. McNeill. Her father, who taught school for many years, got his A.B. degree at the age of 40, went on for his A.M., and ultimately received his Ph.D. degree at the age of 65.

Miss McNeill received her Bachelor's degree in English from Concord College and her Master's degree in English from Miami University of Ohio. She later received a doctorate in history from West Virginia University

because at that time West Virginia University did not offer a doctorate in English. Her doctoral dissertation, *Kanawha and the Old South* has been published by the West Virginia University Press.

Her most famous work is *Gauley Mountain*, which was her first collection of poems, published in 1939 with a foreword written by Stephen Vincent Benet. *Gauley Mountain*, a series of historical poems tracing the lives of various West Virginia families, is heavily slanted toward pioneer life, as are many of her other poems. This volume has been reprinted in a limited edition and is one of 25 books relating to West Virginia history being supplied to high school libraries throughout the state in an effort to build up a greater knowledge of West Virginia.

Time Is Our House, her second volume of poetry, was published in 1942. It contains philosophical poems and a section of lyrics on World War II. This volume was



in the land" MCNEILL

Richmond until 1848 when her family returned to Winchester and continued to live there until the outbreak of the Civil War. She was an ardent Confederate patriot and so incurred the displeasure of General Milroy that in 1863 she was sent through the lines to Richmond, where she worked as a government clerk until the end of the War.

Returning to Winchester, she opened a Seminary for Young Ladies, which was successful, but after a few years she left the venture and became an instructor at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton. But she soon left that post as well and thereafter devoted her life to literature, living in Washington, New York and other cities. She died in 1889 in Richmond and was buried in Winchester.

Among her published works were: *The Holcombes: A Story of Virginia Home Life*, *Women: or Chronicles of the Late War*, *Under the Pruning Knife*, and two textbooks which were widely used in public schools: *The History of Virginia* and *Stories From Virginia History*.

MARSHALL, Catherine Wood (1914 -) Author of *A Man Called Peter* and ten other "inspirational" books, Catherine Marshall lived in Keyser from 1924 to 1942, where her father, the Rev. John A. Wood, was minister of the First Presbyterian Church. Born in Johnson City, Tenn., she was six weeks old when her parents moved to Florida, and ten years old when they came to West Virginia, the state she considers "my home" In 1932 she graduated at the head of her class from Keyser High School, and won up scholarship at West Virginia University because she wanted to go to Agnes Scott Presbyterian College in Atlanta, Ga. and become a writer.

It was while she was in college that she met Peter Marshall, the minister of the Atlanta Presbyterian church she attended, and who later gained fame as the Congressional Chaplain. Her father performed their marriage ceremony, in Keyser, in 1936, and in 1937, Marshall began preaching at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C. It wasn't until after his death, in 1949, that Catherine Marshall began writing. Three of her books were bestsellers, *A Man Called Peter*, *To Live Again*, and *Beyond Ourselves*. In 1959 she was married again, to Len LeSourd, a writer.

MARTIN - WILLIAMS, Rebecca Tomlinson (-) was the first white woman to live in the area which is now Moundsville. A tablet marking the site of the cabin in which she lived was erected in front of the high school building in 1935 by the Tuesday Arts Club of that city. The cabin was built in 1771.

MATTHEWS, Mary Jo (-), a native of Mannington, became a successful motion picture actress for several years, before abandoning her budding career to marry Arthur Rush, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and to lead a quiet life as wife and mother.

She graduated from West Virginia University in 1930, went to New York and there performed on the stage for a year before she made her Hollywood debut. She appeared with John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century*, with Robert Taylor in *Society Doctor* and with Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard in *Forsaking All Others*.

MCNEILL, Louise is West Virginia's most honored contemporary poet. The excellence of her poetry is

printed as a prize book by the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

Her most recent book of poems, *Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore*, was published by the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the West Virginia University Foundation, Inc. In this book she looks at the heritage of the Mountain State residents as she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty.

Miss McNeill writes in traditional verse form. She believes, however, that the beauty of poetry lies in content and feeling rather than in form. She believes poetry should be useful—useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. She is a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. Miss McNeill's ability to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms is what makes her poetry so beautiful.

Miss McNeill has also written several short stories about rural life, many of which were published by the *Farm Journal*.

Her name is well known to the editors and publishers of such respected national literary magazines as *Saturday Review* and *Atlantic Monthly*, which have published her poems. During the 1930's, she was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Worshipers*, and other magazines. Some of her first poems appeared in *The Daily Athenaeum*, student newspaper, when she was a student at West Virginia University in the 1920's.

Miss McNeill is now retired and living in Morgantown. She taught at Concord College,

Potomac State College, West Virginia University, in Pocahontas County elementary schools and at Aiken, South Carolina, Preparatory School, and Fairmont State College.

Miss McNeill met her husband at the Breadloaf Writers' Conference near Middlebury, Vermont. She had won a scholarship to the conference on the basis of a poem that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Her husband, formerly of Ashfield, Mass., is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

In recent years, Miss McNeill has been an instructor at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio. She has always taken a keen interest in helping others to learn to write well. — Vaughn Lenhart.

MILLER, Mrs. Alex McVeigh.
To be continued in our next" was the promise which kept Mrs. Alex McVeigh Miller at the writing of serial stories for nearly thirty years. An exacting promise, but keeping it brought fame and a fortune to this indefatigable woman. A daughter of our Mother State, she came as a bride to West Virginia, where she lived nearly forty of the busiest years of her life.

"I wrote romances," Mrs. Miller says, "that followed a straight course from my brain to the tip of my fountain pen." There is a glamour in make-believe stories that appeals to young and old, yet true life stories of those who have triumphed over obstacles inspire readers as no fiction can do. Mrs. Miller's autobiography, recently completed in collaboration with her daughter, is absorbingly interesting. She tells of the happy childhood in Old Virginia before



LOUISE . . . "a new voice

recognized throughout the country.

Miss McNeill, in private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, was born and reared on a mountain farm near Marlinton in Pocahontas County. The McNeill family has lived on that farm since pre-Revolutionary days. As a young girl she attended the two-room school house where her father taught.

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G.H. McNeill. Her father, who taught school for many years, got his A.B. degree at the age of 40, went on for his A.M., and ultimately received his Ph.D. degree at the age of 65.

Miss McNeill received her Bachelor's degree in English from Concord College and her Master's degree in English from Miami University of Ohio. She later received a doctorate in history from West Virginia University

because at that time West Virginia University did not offer a doctorate in English. Her doctoral dissertation, *Kanawha and the Old South* has been published by the West Virginia University Press.

Her most famous work is *Gauley Mountain*, which was her first collection of poems, published in 1939 with a foreword written by Stephen Vincent Benet. *Gauley Mountain*, a series of historical poems tracing the lives of various West Virginia families, is heavily slanted toward pioneer life, as are many of her other poems. This volume has been reprinted in a limited edition and is one of 25 books relating to West Virginia history being supplied to high school libraries throughout the state in an effort to build up a greater knowledge of West Virginia.

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Honored 6-13-85

Louise McNeill Pease, of Lewisburg, was honored by West Virginia Writers, Inc., by being named this year's recipient of the organization's JUG Award. The award was presented at the WVW Annual Conference, held this past weekend at Cedar Lakes. Accepting the award on behalf of Mrs. Pease, who was unable to attend, was her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Dorsey, of Morgantown. The award was made at the banquet on Saturday night.

The JUG award was created by West Virginia Writers, Inc., to recognize excellence in the field of writing by a West Virginian. Mrs. Pease is the third person to receive the JUG award and the first poet honored. Alberta Pierson Hannum received the first JUG in 1983 and Jim Comstock, country editor of Richwood, the second in 1984.

In private life Mrs. Roger Waterman Pease, Louise was born and reared on a mountain farm in Pocahontas near Marlinton, attending a two-room school her father taught.

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Her husband is a former instructor at West Virginia University. They have a son, Douglas, who is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Always interested in helping others to write better, she has been an instructor, in recent years, at the Summer Writers Conference at Marietta, Ohio.

As Stephen Vincent Benet said in the Foreword to "Gauley Mountain: 'There is a new voice in the land.'

INDIAN PIPES

From pebbled banks they climbed with
shoulders low
And brought these river stones to lay
upon the smooth of



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Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, is a young poet who is beginning to get recognition and have her verses published in various magazines. I have before me the 1931 autumn number of "Star-Dust", a journal of poetry, published at Washington, D. C. In it is the announcement that the monthly book prize offered by a distinguished western poet for best poems sent into the Stardust Club each month was awarded to Miss McNeill for the month of April. Under the caption "Fragment:"

I have grown strong with the
strength of my desolate mountains,
Amored from bitterness, pulseless to
touch or to sound.

There is reality only in the wind, the
jagged iciness of frozen ground

In "The Poets Forum" for September, published at Howe, Oklahoma, Miss McNeill has three poems. Here is one of them, "Request":

Tell him, all who love me,
After I have gone

night.

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INDIAN PIPES

From pebbled banks they climbed with
shoulders low
And brought these river stones to lay
upon
Their chieftain, fallen in the stealth of
dawn
By flinted arrow from a Shawnee bow.

Spring moons have come and hunting
moons have gone,
Sheep nipped the grass and rabbits
scratched the snow
Across this grave, — the pale-face
tracked the doe,
And bench-legged cur pursued the
mottled fawn

But still in dusky summer when the
loon
Cries from the shallows of approaching
night,
Between the stones they heaped above
his mound,
Beaneath the eerie pallor of the moon,
Bloom ghostly flowers — pipes of waxen
white.

—
The "Kaleidoscope," a national magazine of poetry for August, published at Dallas, Texas, says Miss Louise McNeill of Marlinton, at the age of twenty years, makes her debut as a poet. Her poem, "Unless You Knew:"

"You, lying there so calm and
strangely still,
No protest on your lips, no
word of grief,
Strike a swift still wonder to the
soul of mine
Who never knew belief.
It is incredible that you should
close
Your eyes to all quick beauty,
Stay your breath,
You who loved all life, laughter and
tears,
As tho' you welcome death!
It is incredible that you should take,
Peace for sharp ecstasy, silence for







Governor Arch A. Moore, Jr., is shown with West Virginia's Poet Laureate, Louise McNeill Pease, at the Cultural Center in Charleston on August 16 at a ceremony at which Mrs. Pease donated her books and manuscripts to the State Department of Culture and History. Gov. Moore accepted the gift on behalf of the State.

Good Living, a retirement community in Malden, where she had made her home for several years.

The daughter of the late G. D. and Grace (McNeill) McNeill, she was born at Buckeye January 9, 1911.

In 1939 she married Roger W. Pease, who died September 24, 1990.

Her husband, her parents, a sister, Elizabeth Dorsey, and a brother, Ward McNeill, preceded her in death.

Surviving her are a son, Douglas McNeill Pease, of South Windsor, Connecticut; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and a brother, James W. McNeill, of Buckeye.

Services were held Sunday on

Surviving her are a son, Douglas McNeill Pease, of South Windsor, Connecticut; a granddaughter, Noralyn M. Pease; and a brother, James W. McNeill, of Buckeye.

Services were held Sunday on the lawn of Cabin Creek Quilts in Malden and then on Monday at 11 a. m. in VanReenen Funeral Home by the Rev. Roy Gwinn. Burial was on the McNeill Farm at Buckeye.

Mrs. Pease was Poet Laureate of West Virginia, named in 1977 by then-Governor Jay Rockefeller. She started writing poetry when she was 16 and had poems published in many national magazines. She was the author of several books, *Mountain White* (1931), *Gauley Mountain*, *Time is Our House*, *Paradox Hill*, *Elderberry Flood*, *The Milkweed Ladies* (her memoirs), *Hill Daughter: New and* (1991), and many

memories), *First Daughter: New and Selected Poems* (1991), and many magazine articles.

Just before her death she completed her last book. Her son came to see her, typed the last chapter, put it in the mail to the publishers, and then she seemed to let go of life, according to the family.

She graduated from Concord College and earned a master's degree at Miami University in Ohio, and a doctorate from West Virginia University.

She taught English and history for more than 30 years, from rural schools in Pocahontas County to Potomac State, Concord, Fairmont State, and Davis and Elkins colleges. In 1937 she was named Teacher of the Year at Concord College and was selected Daughter of the Year by the West Virginia

McNeill's poems featured on public radio

West Virginia Public Radio will air a special program titled "Gauley Mountain" Thursday, June 20, at 8 p.m. This West Virginia Day broadcast will feature the poems from West Virginia Poet Laureate Louise McNeill's book of the same name. Noted West Virginia musician David Morris of Ivydale and award-winning West Virginia poet Irene McKinney of Belington will read the poems, providing narration and character voices.

Gauley Mountain, published in 1939 by Harcourt Brace, is a history (1760-1930) of one of the most scenic and rugged parts of West Virginia told through poems about people, places and events.

Special historic characters, such as Mad Anne Bailey and Claude Crozet, are included, but most poems are fictional, following the lives of settlers sometimes through several generations.

Larry Groce, producer of this special, said, "West Virginia Public Radio's production of "Gauley Mountain" will attempt to do for Louise McNeill's book what she did for the history of her beloved Gauley country."

West Virginia Public Radio can be heard on 88.5 FM in Charleston, 91.7 in Beckley, 90.9 in Morgantown, 89.9 in Huntington and Wheeling, 88.9 in Martinsburg and Buckhannon/Weston.

Louise McNeill

In becoming one of Appalachia's most respected poets, Louise McNeill sang with pride about the mountain heritage of the region's residents.

Now she traces their consciousness from pioneer days to atomic frontiers and looks to the future with uncertainty in her new book of poems, "Paradox Hill: From Appalachia to Lunar Shore."

Her book was published recently by McClain Printing Company of Parsons for the West Virginia University Library with private funds made available through the WVU Foundation, Inc. Copies may be ordered for \$4.50 each, plus 50 cents for postage and handling, from the Book Store, Mountainlair, West Virginia University, Morgantown, W. Va. 26506.

But who is Louise McNeill that anyone should listen to her prophecies or share her pride and fear?

She's a wife and mother, and history teacher at Fairmont State College. But more than that she's a person with strong convictions about herself, her heritage, her homeland and its future. And she's able to translate these convictions into compelling poetic rhythms.

Her name is well-known to the editors and publishers of respected national literary magazines such as Saturday Review and Atlantic Monthly, which have published her poems.

During the 1950s, she was a frequent

poetry can deal validly with social criticism. I'm not a protestant, but I'm not ashamed to try something along this line. I see no reason for poets to be so fine fingered."

Academians, and sometimes poets themselves, often attempt to set down rules for poetic subject matter. Miss McNeill objects. She says she never places limits on what poetry should or can deal with.

"I once heard Allen Tate say that no one should write a poem about his mother. So I have deliberately written one about mine," she said.

"Paradox Hill" is divided into three sections—"Appalachia," "Scattered Leaves" and "Lunar Shores." Each deals with aspects of Appalachian life... from the traditional to the futuristic.

The book is full of the kind of poetry that Stephen Vincent Benet, in his foreword to an earlier collection of her poems, "Gauley Mountain, also published by McClain Printing Co., described as simple, direct and forceful. Many of the poems are laced with humor, some are tinged with sadness, others are filled with outright rage.

Many of the stories spun for Louise McNeill's ballads were told to her by her father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time editor of the Pocahontas Times.

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"It was for a very practical reason," she recalled. "When I wanted to get my doctorate, WVU didn't offer one in English."

Practicality is one of her first considerations, whether applied to finishing her education or writing poetry. Miss McNeill never has enshrined herself in an Ivory tower. She feels that a poet can work as practically as a bricklayer or someone who bakes a loaf of bread. This philosophy shows in her work.

"I believe poetry should be useful," Miss McNeill said. "It can be useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society."

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Sometimes she is inspired by conversations she hears in public places. Two of the most poignant poems in "Paradox Hill" are entitled "Overheard on a Bus."

At the age of 18, Miss McNeill began to write seriously, and two years later her first poems were published in a Dallas, Tex., magazine, *Kaliedograph*. Since then, she has published three volumes of poems and several short stories.

"I often will write a poem in a few hours," she observed. "The poems that turn out right are the ones that are written rapidly. Sometimes if I fail to get it down the first time, I can go back to it later but that doesn't happen very often."

She is a great believer in form. When she decided to write seriously, she studied form, pattern and rhythm. She rarely writes in free verse form.

Miss McNeill works very hard at finding the right words and perfecting the images in her poems. She throws away two of every three poems that she writes.

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"I believe poetry should be useful," Miss McNeill said. "It can be useful to the spirit, useful to relieve the mind and useful to society. Of course, it's useful to the poet, too, but it should go beyond that."

Miss McNeill says serious poetry has become confessionalist and that ballads, such as Bob Dylan's protest songs, are replacing poetry in one area. Some of her poems, like Dylan's deal with the public's fears and social issues.

"I feel—and this makes me quite quaint among most poets today—that

father, Douglas McNeill, who was a writer, teacher and one-time sailor. He too wrote about West Virginia in a volume of short stories called "The Last Forest."

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Dr. Ruel E. Foster, chairman of the WVU Department of English, thinks one of Miss McNeill's greatest virtues is her complete lack of affectation.

"You'll find none of the big, dramatic rhetoric of Shakespeare or Milton in her poetry," Dr. Foster said. "She's contemporary, yet you'll find none of the tortured rhetoric that many modern poets fall prey to."

"She is part of a great tradition in American poetry," he observed.

But for me, the lumber company
had not cut the Bonnie, and the
Great Fire burned it to blackened clay.
Because I was born a woman and had not
gone, *could* not go, it lay for me as I had
first found it as a girl-child by the winter
fireplace, listening to the men's wonder
tales. In my obsession and possession, the
hunter men still walked. The great trees
lifted for-
and the
ran. My

ever across my vision,
sounding waters still
dream of the American
forest was deep and
mystic and old; but
the dream itself
was always in the
distance, moving
before the seekers
like the sun.

-Louise
McNeill

